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Foreign Correspondence of the Christian Reflector.

Letters on France.

ITS RELIGIOUS CONDITION.—NO. X.

Churches of Paris—St. Etienne du Mont—Notre-Dame des Lorettes—St. Germain l'Auxerrois—St. Roch—St. Eustache—Symbolic Architecture of the Middle Ages.

The old church of St. Etienne du Mont, which is pervaded, especially at the hour of vespers, by a dim, religious light, approaches more nearly than the Madeleine to the idea of a 'solemn temple.' But here, also, even if a devout spirit should not be disturbed by superstition bringing medals and pieces of cloth to be rubbed against the shrine of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, in order to acquire some secret charm against the 'ills that flesh is heir to,' yet the pictures and objects of curiosity and architectural beauties in which the church abounds, could not fail to attract attention. The visiter would particularly admire an elaborate screen, which separates the choir from the nave, and the rich scroll-work on the balustrades of two spiral stair-cases, of exquisite lightness and beauty, that wind around the pillars at the entrance of the choir.

The boasted gem of modern devotional art in France is Notre-Dame des Lorettes. But an American must have lost his distinctive feelings as a Protestant, if he can be very devout in such a nice little 'boudoir of our Lady,' where the atmosphere is redolent of fragrant incense, and martyrs are painted to look like dandies, and female saints like delicate, sentimental young ladies. You are inclined to doubt whether any praying Jacob would be likely to wrestle very hard in a place like this. You imagine with what hearty zeal, some stout Iconoclast Puritan of the days of Cromwell, would demolish this 1,800,000 francs worth of tinsel prettiness of piety, and scatter ashes over the costly pavement, on which religion now steps daintily with her silver slippers.

The pencil which decorated the walls of Notre-Dame des Lorettes, was too human to depict the mysterious beauty impressed upon the countenance by grief and martyrdom, and the Christian graces; that beauty, passionless, pure, unconscious of itself, which speaks not to the material senses, but ravishes the pious soul. There were, centuries since, masters, who could appreciate, and in a measure, represent the austere delicacy of such beauty. And old Catholic art is not without its imitators in the present age, and at Paris. So that if our countrymen, whom we left spell-bound by the soft enchantments of Notre-Dame des Lorettes, (for it must be allowed to be a charming little edifice,) will go to St. Germain L'Auxerrois, he may find in the newly opened chapel of the Virgin, several recent paintings by M. Amaury-Duval, in the style of ancient Italian masters. Although some of the draperies are perhaps a little surcharged, and the lines of some profiles may be too precisely marked, yet the general execution indicates qualities of genius, which enable this painter to understand the severe and lofty requirements of Christian art. The new frescoes of the porch, painted by M. Mottez, imitate quite faithfully, the antique style which he aimed to reproduce. He has even copied, with too Chinese an exactitude, the ugly faces and ungainly attitudes which that style seems to have favored. St. Germain L'Auxerrois was once the most sumptuously adorned church in Paris, and is still rich in treasures of art, as well as in historical associations. The Protestant does not forget that from its belfry, was given the fatal signal for the massacre on the eve of the fete of St. Bartholomew, 23d of August, 1572; the bells of this church tolled during the whole of that dreadful night.

Our traveller must now be weary of picture-gazing, and will be disposed to join the crowds that are pressing into the church of St. Eustache, or that of St. Roch, where the celebration of high mass is always accompanied by the finest music. On great church festivals, which are by no means of rare occurrence, soldiers are stationed before St. Roch, to preserve order among the thronging devotees of music, who wait hours for admittance, and at the appointed moment, rush in with as much zeal, (and too, the same kind of zeal,) as they would go to the opera. Queen Amelia usually worships here, and during Passion-Week, last year, the princes of the reigning family communed here in public with their royal mother. The chapel of the Saint-Sacrament in this church, is magnificently decorated in representation of the Holy of Holies, of the Mosaic tabernacle; all the ornaments of the Jewish ritual are placed there, and the light of day is excluded by curtains of crimson silk. Behind this is a low vaulted chapel, containing the Calvary, with a crucifixion, by Anguier, that formerly stood over the altar of the Lorbonne, a curious group of the entombment, a sketch by one of the old masters of the Italian school, and a fine fresco, by M. Abel de Pujol, of Christ crucified. The flight of steps by which the church is approached, is famous as the theatre of many a bloody scene during the Revolution. The mob crowded there to see Marie Antoinette led to execution; Bonaparte cleared them of that same mob, with cannon, during the directory; and in 1830, a stand was made there against the gendarmerie of Charles X.

Music equally as fine as at St. Roch, resounds on high festivals, beneath the arches, and through the long-drawn aisles of St. Eustache. This noble pile, the largest in Paris, except Notre-Dame, affords, like that cathedral, one of the numerous instances in which the Christian worship has been erected upon the ruins of Paganism. For an ancient temple of Cybele originally stood on the site of this successor of a chapel, which was dedicated as early as 1213 to Saint Agnes. It was not until 1532, that the first stone of the existing church was laid, and an inscription at the left of the grand entrance, shows that it was consecrated in 1637. More than a century elapsed before it was completed. This circumstance explains the originality of its construction. Its general aspect is severe and impressive, in spite of the two opposite kinds of architecture, the Saracenic and the Greek, which are here blended. The portico does not harmonize well with the rest of the edifice, which belongs to the florid-gothic style, and should be classed among the most curious monuments of its time. The small portal which fronts on the *rue de Provaires*, is a master-piece of art. The interior is massive and imposing. The vault of prodigious height is supported by clustered pillars, which spring aloft with marvellous boldness; one would fancy them, says a French writer, to be rockets of granite, shooting from base to architrave, where they burst forth in scalloped wreaths, flowers, and graceful pendentives. It is an admirable feature in this, as in so many other old churches, that it is cruciform, thus reminding the worshipper of the sacred emblem of his faith. The eloquent words of Heinrich Heine, (whose declining years pass away in sickness and misery, not far from this very spot,) have often recurred to me with peculiar force. The paragraph with which I shall close this letter, occurs in his *Beitrage zur Deutschen Literatur Geschichte*, and describes the symbolic tendency manifested in the architecture of the Middle Ages:

'As we now tread the pavement of some ancient dome, we scarcely suspect the esoteric meaning of its stony symbols. It is only the united impress of all the parts that crowds itself at once upon the mind. We here feel the spirit ennobled as we trample upon the flesh. The interior of the dome itself is a hollow cross, and we wander to and fro in the very instrument of martyrdom; the checkered windows fling upon us their mingled light of red and green, the song of the dead floats around us; beneath our feet are monumental stones and mouldering forms; with the colossal columns, the spirit mounts on high, rending itself in sufferance from the body that sinks, like a worn out vestment, to the earth. When one gazes from without, upon this gothic dome, this gigantic architecture, so airy, so delicate, so ornamental, so transparent its workmanship, that it seems a labor of the chisel, a lace-work of marble, then does one first feel aright, the power of that age, which knew so to o'ermaster even the stone, that it should seem almost spectrally illumed, that this most stern material should speak forth the spiritualism of Christianity.' ALCUIN.

For the Christian Reflector.

Revival Influence.—No. 1.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In the church and in the world, a *revival influence* is greatly needed—needed from *heaven*—needed *now*. By your permission, I will address your numerous readers on this subject. May the Holy Spirit guide my thoughts, while I guide my pen.

There was a time when David raised his benevolent heart toward Heaven, as he cried, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.' And should not all who are now 'written among the living in Jerusalem,' utter a similar cry? Have not some of the godly ceased? have not some of the faithful failed? Do we not need a speedy and powerful revival influence—TO RESUSCITATE AND DIRECT THE GIFTS AND ENERGIES OF THE CHURCH?

Where do we find, at this time, many of those gifts and energies? Once the talents of the churches were occupied; 'The precious sons of Zion compared to fine gold.' But how do they appear now? Has not 'the gold become *dim*, and the most fine gold *changed*?' Once it was said, by the Lord's prophet, 'thy sons have fainted, they lie at the head of all the streets.' Is not this true of many sons of our Zion? Do we not see, in all the streets and walks of the churches, fainting and feeble ones? And why have they lost their energies? Why have they fainted? Alas! they put off their armor, and ceased their efforts, while yet in an enemy's land.

When Hannibal's army crossed the rocky Alps, and met the Roman legions, they were wise in counsel, and mighty in strength. They followed their brave chieftain from victory to victory, until the foe was crippled, and the queen of nations seemed tottering to her fall. And yet Hannibal's army became weak, and retreated back to their native land! And what made them weak, and held back from their grasp the Roman sceptre? The *luxuries of Italy*. To these they turned, and on these they lived, until their energies failed, and their conquest was abandoned.

Once the armies of our Zion were wise in counsel and mighty in strength. They crossed many a rocky cliff, grappled with many a giant foe, and pushed the victories of the cross far into the enemy's ranks. But this noble army seems greatly crippled in its energies. Some of its members are *fallen*, some have *retreated*, and some are *slumbering* on their post. The influence of the world has weakened their strength, and laid them low; hence the *present necessity of revival influence*.

1. Such an influence is greatly needed, to *impart new energy and power to the ministry*. The hands of Moses were once weak, and hung powerless by his side. They were weak when great interests were pending on the battle-field. Elijah once fled from his post, and secreted himself in a distant cave. In that retreat, a very searching inquiry reached him from the heavenly world. Even David 'waxed faint,' and said, 'My heart fainteth, my strength faileth me.'

Now, if such men as Moses, Elijah and David had seasons of weakness and fainting, and needed a reviving influence from above, it may not seem strange if God's ministers should need a similar influence.

A few years since, many seemed 'strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.' Many places, under their labors, shared largely in the refreshings of Heaven. They were GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS. But where are those giants *now?* Has not their strength failed them? My dear brethren, do not our hands hang powerless? Have not some of our number lost a part of their armor, and retired a little from the high places of danger and conflict? Do we not all very much need a revival influence to increase our moral energies in the cause of God?

Let such revival power descend upon the ministers of Christ, and they would go forth as giants refreshed with new wine, or as lions from the swellings of Jordan. O, let us look up, and cry, '*O Lord, revive thy work.*'

2. The same influence is greatly needed to give new life and energy to the *members of our churches*. Once they were active and efficient. They stood near their pastors and other laborers, and hands were stayed and hearts were cheered. As Abishai rescued David, smiting down the giant chief who rushed forward to slay the king, so many of our strong men in Zion rescued their leaders on the strong posts of danger. 'At Arcola,' says Napoleon, 'when I was advancing, my aid-de-camp threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine.' Where are the men now, who will thus cover their war-chieftains on the great moral battle-field?

Where are our *young members?* They once 'put on the shield and helmet,' unsheathed the sword, sounded the trumpet, and went forth to battle. Their hearts were warm and fixed, their armors were bright, and their faces were toward the fields of conflict and victory. Where are those young heroes of Calvary now? Do they press onward, or have they fled the post of danger and honor? Amos said, as he looked forward, 'In that day shall the fair virgins and the young men faint; Isaiah says, 'Even the youths shall faint, and the young men shall utterly fall.' And have we not reached those sorrow-stricken days? How many young members are there left in our churches who have not fainted? who have not become weary, and fallen from their own steadfastness? Where is the pastor who may not, with the weeping prophet, say, '*My virgins and my young men are gone into captivity?*' And shall we not all turn our eyes and hearts upward, and pray, '*Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, the faithful fail from among the children of men.*' Look, O Lord, on the face of thine anointed, and then in pity and in love look on us.

'O, for his sake, attend our cry;
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.'

Charlestown, 1848. J. B.

Original and Select.

Procrastination Dangerous.

The late Dr. Clark of Philadelphia, in one of his sermons, illustrates the absurdity of deferring the work of salvation by the following striking fact. He was present on an occasion when a most solemn appeal was made to the young, to seek God without delay; the preacher urging as a motive, that, should they live to be old, difficulties would multiply, and their reluctance to attend to the subject would increase with their years. As the preacher descended from the pulpit at the close of the service, an aged man came forward, and extending his hand to him, with much emotion, remarked, "Sir, what you said just now is unquestionably true. I know it from my own experience. When I was young, I said to myself, I cannot give up the world now, but I will by and by, when I have passed the meridian of life, and begin to sink into the vale of years; then I will become a christian; then I shall be ready to attend to the concerns of my soul. But here I am, an old man. I am not a christian. I feel no readiness nor disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. In looking back, I oftentimes feel as though I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old. There were not then half as many difficulties in my path as there are now." But though the big tears coursed down his cheek as he gave utterance to these truths, the emotions that were then stirred up within him, like the early dew, soon passed away. He did not turn to God.

A Happy Man.

A zealous divine who had prayed earnestly that God would teach him the perfect way of truth, was directed, in a dream, to go to a certain place, where he would find an instructor. When he came to the place he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he wished a good morning. 'I never had a bad morning;' replied the man. 'That is very singular; I wish you may always be so fortunate.' 'I was never unfortunate,' said he. 'I hope you will always be as happy,' said the divine. 'I am never unhappy, said the other. 'I wish,' said the divine, 'that you would explain yourself a little.' 'That I will cheerfully do,' said he. 'I said that I never had a bad morning: for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains or snows, or hails, whether the weather is serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God, and therefore I never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances, and despised, I still praise God. You wish that I might always be fortunate; but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befals me but according to the will of God; and I believe that his will is always good, in whatever he does, or permits to be done. You wished me always happy; but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God.'

'But what if God should thrust you down to hell?' 'I have two arms, *faith* and *love*, with which I would hold on to my God and Saviour, and not let him go; and I would rather be in hell with God, than in heaven without him.' The divine, astonished at the man's answers, asked him whence he came. 'I came from God, he replied. 'Where did you find God?' 'Where I left the world.' Where did you leave him?' 'With the pure in heart.' 'What are you?' 'I am a king.' Where is your kingdom?' 'It is within my own bosom. I have learned to rule my appetites and passions; and that is better than to rule any kingdom in the world.' 'How were you brought into this happy condition?' 'By secret prayer, spiritual meditation, and union with God. Nothing below God could satisfy my desires. I have found him, and in him I have peace and rest.'

A Funeral Thought.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the pale Genius, to whose hollow tramp
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp
Where the archangel's marshalling trumpets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,
Hushed and o'erburthened with a nameless fear,
When the breath flutters, and the senses swim,
And the dread hour is near!

Though love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,
As if to keep the summoner at bay,
And woman's woe and the calm grief of men
Hallow at last the still, unbreathing clay—
These are earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,
Thus bound, from darkness and the dread unknown,
Stretching its arms from death's eternal brink,
Which it must dare alone!

But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit never trod,
Through the bright ether would I climb, to die
Afar from mortals, and alone with God!
To the pure keeping of the stainless air
Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,
And with the rapture of an answered prayer,
Welcome the kiss of death!

The soul which wrestled with that doom of pain,
Prometheus-like, its lingering portion here,
Would there forget the vulture and the chain,
And leap to freedom from its mountain-bier!
All that it ever knew, of noble thought,
Would guide it upward to the glorious track,
Nor the keen pangs by parting anguish wrought,
Turn its bright glances back!

Then to the elements my frame would turn;
No worms should riot on my coffined clay,
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste away!
Loud winds, and thunder's diapason high,
Should be my requiem through the coming time,
And the white summit, fading in the sky,
My monument sublime!

For the Christian Reflector.

Rural Cemeteries.

There is no scene better calculated to awaken serious reflection or pious meditation than a rural cemetery; there is an air of solemnity connected with it, which never fails to impress the beholder with the sanctity of the place upon which he treads.

A crowd of associations press upon us, as we pass the last resting-place of those we love. A thousand tender recollections of virtues unappreciated, of services unrequited, arise before us, and accuse us of ingratitude and neglect. Every fault is forgotten, but every virtue remembered; each word or look of tenderness, each act of love or self-sacrifice, are fondly treasured in the memory, as the most fitting memorials of a departed friend. Nor are these feelings awakened only by peculiar associations; they are inseparably connected with every spot which is consecrated as the repository of the dead.

The increasing disposition of the American people to ornament their places of burial, not only indicates the progress of national refinement, but also exerts a better and more decided influence on the community than is generally imagined. It divests a cemetery of all those gloomy associations which to ordinary minds are so repulsive, and we learn to look upon them, not as places where the useless remains of men may moulder and decay, but as the choicest spots in nature, and as emblematical of the tranquillity and happiness to the righteous of the future state.

There are few persons who have not experienced at some time in their lives those feelings which are excited by visiting a country church-yard. Well do I remember the impressions which I received on visiting one during the summer of ——.

It was at the hour of approaching twilight, the time best calculated to awaken feelings of pious contemplation. The setting sun was just sinking behind the western hills, but its mellow rays lingered behind, as if to enjoy the loveliness of the scene. The air was as soft and balmy as if fresh from the lips of a New England June; not even a breath was stirring sufficient to move the drooping foliage of the aged elms, whose gnarled and twisted arms hung over the half-ruined and crumbling tomb-stones, imparting an additional solemnity to the scene. I was in that mood of pensive melancholy which such a scene of perfect tranquillity and rural beauty would be likely to produce.

On one side were the massive freestone tables, with crumbling pillars and corners broken, and defaced by the hand of some ruthless boy. Their time-worn inscriptions could hardly be deciphered, but the dates showed that the ashes beneath them had been placed there during the troublous times when our country was shaking off the fetters of England. Near one of them, a flourishing woodbine had taken root, and, with its young tendrils, was fondly clasping the solid capital upon which the table rested; while beneath its thick and matted foliage, I heard the flutter of the anxious mother as she hovered over her frightened brood, whose instincts warned them of my approach.

The grass was unshorn by the mower, and formed a carpet of the softest verdure. At a little distance, was the richly sculptured monument of the wealthy founder of a now wealthy and honored family; the inscription which informed the passer by of his many virtues as a parent, and his fidelity as a friend, was more legible than the other, though nearly hidden by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, which entirely concealed the marble urn which crowned the summit of the pedestal. I passed by these relics of a by-gone age, and paused at the side of a grave whose headstone bore the simple inscription of a female name. The dried stalks of roses lay here and there, but the leaves had long since been the sport of the wind; a single violet, perhaps planted by some affectionate hand, had taken root, and was bending on its fragile stem, as if in silent homage to the purity and virtue of her who slumbered beneath it.

Near by, was the last resting-place of him who was the earliest companion of my youthful days, and with whose memory the happiest scenes in my childhood were blended. I had known him long, and loved him well. Often in our pleasant rambles had we dwelt in imagination on the days when the preparations for usefulness would be finished, and we could tread the dusty and beaten path of life together. Visions of future greatness floated before our youthful imaginations, darkened by no storms of adversity, and clouded by no bitter disappointments. The days of our childhood had passed, and I now stood over the grave of the companion of my pleasures, and the sharer of my joys and sorrows. A plain stone told his virtues and his youth, but none but one who had shared his heart's fullest confidence could truly appreciate his loss.

'But thanked be memory—her sweet power can bring
Back to my heart its early joys again;
Her magic spell revives the frozen spring
Of youth and hope, and re-unites the chain
Of sever'd sympathies.'

As I stood leaning on an inclining slab, the shadows of evening fell gently around me. A quiet holiness seemed to pervade the place. The song of the distant whip-poor-will came softer and more plaintive than I had ever heard it,—the chirp of the katy-did was hushed, save an occasional burst from the top branches of an aged elm, planted by the hand, as tradition said, of him who had chosen his grave in the luxuriant shade of its wide-spreading branches. Thoughts and reflections were awakened within me which had lain concealed for years, and of whose existence I was almost unconscious; and I for the first time appreciated the exquisite beauty and touching sweetness of the oft-quoted 'Elegy in a country church-yard,' suggested perhaps by similar feelings, and a similar scene of quiet beauty.

Such thoughts as I have described are the natural offspring of every mind that is in the least susceptible of any of those finer feelings which tend to elevate and refine the soul. There are few who are so insensible to the finer forms of external holiness as not to feel a pensive yet grateful melancholy steal over them, as they see the solemn, silent grave adorned with the chaste and simple beauties of nature. The chiselled pedestal attracts our attention only as the handiwork of the skillful artist; but a single withered shrub or drooping tree touches some tender chord within us, and awakens sympathies more in unison with the solemnity of the place.

'Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tombs of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.'

We turn from such scenes with hearts chastened by reflections so pure, and we look forward to the time, with feelings akin to pleasure, when grace shall have done its work, and when the last offices shall be performed for us by the tender hand of friendship, and our memory be associated with the most delicate and beautiful objects in nature.

'Of friends regretted, scenes forever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear;
Drooping she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return.'

B. F. T.

Bonaparte.—A Lesson of Wisdom.

'What recollections (said Bonaparte,) crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied here [St. Helena,] with political topics and local vexations. I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. *It seems to me always, in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world with* 12,000 *francs* [a little more than 2,000] *a year, living, as the father of a family, with my wife and son, at our old house at Ajaccio.* You remember its beautiful situation. Happy hours!—the native suit has infinite charms. Memory embellishes it with all its powers, even to the very odor of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the sports first trodden by the foot of childhood. Come, place your hand upon my bosom! See how it beats! [And true it did beat with great rapidity.] It is like the sound of a bell, (added he.) There is none here, [St. Helena]—I am no longer accustomed to hear it. The sound of a bell never strikes my ear, without carrying back thoughts to the sensations of my youth. The Angelus bell led me back to pleasant reveries, when in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sound under the shady woods of St. Cloud; and often have I been supposed to be revolving the plan of a campaign, or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly involved in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth.'

How to Secure the Extension of Slavery.

The politicians of the South are determined to extend their 'peculiar institution,' as they call it, over territories south and west of Texas—territories, be it remembered, in which slavery was long ago abolished by law, and in which it has now no legal existence. The political ascendency of the South is to be perpetuated by the accession of new slave-holding States to the Union. Those who get their living by raising the negroes, and slave-traders, and all the craftsmen of like occupation, intent on the prospect of new markets for human flesh, are crying out 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' In the clamor that is thus raised, those intelligent and enlightened men, through all the Southern States, who know that slavery is a hideous piece of barbarism, at war with everything good, and cursing with barrenness the very soil which it touches—are unheard, and their influence is unfelt. They dare not resist what they suppose to be the strong current of public opinion around them. They dare not speak what they believe. They dare not believe what forces itself upon them as truth. Thus, on this momentous question of the extension of slavery, the South is unanimous, or seems to be, in its unworthy purpose.

But how shall slavery be extended over territories in which slavery is now illegal? Whatever territory, beyond the boundary of Texas, may be ceded by Mexico at the conclusion of the present war, will come under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government without a slave, lawfully such, upon the soil, and with no law in force by which a slave can be introduced, without becoming a freeman. Slavery, considered as a legal institution, is the creature of municipal law; and the moment the slave passes beyond the jurisdiction of the law (the local, municipal law) that makes him a slave, his bonds are dissolved, and he stands up before God and the world, a man, with all the rights of his human nature. Such is always the result, unless the slave, in passing out of the jurisdiction of the law that has enslaved him, passes into the jurisdiction of another local law that puts its cruel grasp upon him, and holds him still a slave. How, then, shall such a law be imposed upon any portion of the Mexican territory, which may be placed at the disposal of Congress by conquest or by treaty? Shall the Congress of the United States make a law to introduce slavery into territories in which slavery has no legal existence? Show us that Congress has any such power, by the Constitution. Show us that Congress, either before or since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, has ever attempted so atrocious an exercise of power. There are precedents to warrant the abolition of slavery upon soil on which, before it was ceded to the Union, slavery was lawful; but there is no instance in which slavery has been introduced by authority of Congress into a territory in which slavery was previously unlawful. It is one thing to recognize slavery as an existing institution in Cuba, if that island should be ceded to our Government, and to permit the existing laws to stand till such time as justice and public policy shall seem to demand their abolition; and it is quite another thing to establish slavery by act of Congress in Hayti or Hawaii, if those islands should fall under our power. The southern politicians have, indeed, shown themselves ready to trample down Constitution and precedents for the attainment of their ends, just as they trample down justice and humanity—the institutions under which they live, and the moral atmosphere which they breathe, have perverted their judgment, so that it is easy for them to put evil for good, and darkness for light; but those who represent the northern people and the Northern States in Congress, cannot perpetrate so great an iniquity and not know what they are doing. If the Senators and Representatives from the free North and West do what they know that justice, humanity, patriotism, fidelity to their constituents, and fidelity to the Constitution require them to do—if there are no Esaus among them, willing to sell their souls for a mess of pottage, and to consign their names to an immortality of infamy—slavery can never be introduced into any territory acquired from Mexico, till after that territory shall have been admitted to the Union as a sovereign State.

Nor will any State which has passed through its period of pupilage without having received into its young existence the poisonous influences of slavery—willingly make itself a slave State by the exercise of its own sovereignty. We need not demand that any restrictions shall be placed upon the sovereignty of the people of California, or of Oregon, after those territories shall have grown into States—if only the population which has made them States is a free laboring population. Illinois might have been made a slaveholding State as easily as Kentucky, had the institution of slavery been introduced into Illinois from without, while it was yet a dependent territory in the infancy of its political existence. But what danger is there now that the free, land-holding laborers of Illinois will vote to make labor disgraceful, and to diminish the value of their own farms and homesteads, by putting their great free State, with all its pride and all its hopes, into the miserable category of slave States? Let any Mexican territory, in whatever latitude or longitude, become an American territory; let it be gradually occupied with an American population, cultivating their own soil with their own hands; and when that population shall have become sufficiently numerous to be created into a sovereign State of this Confederacy, the State will be a free State. Slavery will find no place among a people who have grown up into a State without slaves, and whose political, moral and industrial habits have been formed accordingly.

There is one way, however, in which the extension of slavery over one Mexican province after another, may be made as certain as anything human can be. Let peace be made with no acquisition of territory save what shall be comprehended within the boundary of Texas. Let all the provinces now in our possession be given up to Mexico; and let Mexico, enfeebled, exhausted, undertake to keep them. Into one and another of those provinces contiguous to Texas there will be an American emigration—an emigration, not of the industrious classes, that convert the wilderness of the West into cultivated fields, but of those classes that live by wild adventure, and by arts that are not arts of peace. Men of violence, fugitives from justice or from shame, mighty hunters, outlaws, Nimrods and Cains, from the South and the Southwest, from the Northwest and the North will find in those regions, beyond the reach of American law, beyond the restraints of American civilization, a land of Nod. The Mexican Government—if Government it may be called—will be too feeble to control them. They will have things their own way; and their way will be to establish a new order of things, one element of which will be the barbarous element of slavery. Then comes a conflict with Mexico—then independence—then annexation to this Union. Thus the game that has been played once, may be played over and over again; and the extension of slavery southward may be continued indefinitely.

Let the people take care that they are not cheated! Let every man that fears God or loves his country, stand in his place and do his duty for righteousness and freedom. And those that can do nothing else—let them lift up their hands to pray.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The Resurrection.

The following beautiful and striking thoughts are from the pen of the late Dr. Mason:

Whatever have been the disputes about other doctrines of Christianity, no man can deny that it teaches the resurrection of the body. The very gates of hell, in the shape of that unhallowed philosophy which fritters away its most precious truths into Eastern metaphors and Jewish allegories, have not ventured to tamper with the faith of the resurrection. This stands confessed a Christian peculiarity.

This clay which we commit to the grave under that universal sentence, Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return, will be quickened again, and resume, even after the slumber of ages, the organization, the lineaments, the expression of that self-same being with whom we were conversant on earth; otherwise it were a new creation, and not a resurrection; and will be re-animated by that self-same spirit that forsook it at death; otherwise it were a new being altogether, and not the one with whom, under the form, we held sweet communion in this life, and walked to the house of God in company.

The body will be raised under circumstances and with properties suited to the new state of being and action on which the saints shall enter. God shall bring them with the Lord Christ. They shall be found in Christ's train. They shall be adorned with Christ's likeness. 'Beloved, it does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' The change requisite for this exaltation shall pass upon their body without destroying its sameness; as flesh and blood it cannot inherit the kingdom of God. 'It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body;' fit for the occupations and enjoyments of the heavenly world.

But how are these transformations to be effected? How? By the same Power which calleth things that be not, as though they were. God shall bring his risen ones with Jesus Christ. This is our short answer. I cannot open my eyes to the objections of unbelief. We are upon too high ground to stoop to the caviller who marshals his ignorance and imbecility against the knowledge and might of God. Let him puzzle himself with his theories about personal identity; let him talk about one part of the body interred in Asia, another in Africa, and a third in Europe; let him ask as many questions as he can devise about limbs devoured by ravenous animals, and become by nutrition a part of their bodies; which bodies again have passed, by the same process, into the flesh of other animals; and these, in turn, consumed by man, and incorporated with the substance of a new human body; let him ask such questions and ten thousand like them. Has he done? 'Dost thou not therefore err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God?' It will be time enough to plead thy difficulties when God shall commit to thee the raising of the dead. For as it is, it is sufficient that he who rears up the living blade from the rotten grain will be at no loss to rear up an incorruptible from a corrupted body, through what forms and varieties soever it may have passed.

The main question, however, is not what Omnipotence can, but what it will, perform. That God should raise the dead, if it so pleased him, will not appear incredible to any sober man. But what proof have we that our faith on this head is not fancy, and that our hope shall not perish? The best of all possible proof. We have, in the first place, the Divine promise. God has engaged to raise his people up by Jesus, and to present them together with him. Jesus himself has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die.' A thousand scientific demonstrations are not equivalent, as the ground of our confidence, to one word of him who cannot lie. And so we will find it to our last extremity.

The Poor Man's Portion:

ECCLES. XI. 1—4.

We have been requested by some of our subscribers to give occasionally plans or abstracts of sermons; we can furnish them with a pretty good one, preached by the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, an eminent English minister; it is copied from the Christian Penny Magazine, a publication issued by the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

Solomon lived in times of great plenty; yet they had their poor, and the text proves a regard to them. Charity is here expressed by casting our bread on the waters—either in allusion to sowing seed in some countries on the water, or to express the improbability of ever seeing it again.

I. Point out the duty recommended.

In general it is, to do good with our property. Charity has been brought into disrepute by the superstitious motives of some; but the thing itself is right, and a great duty. The change of dispensation made no change here, except to increase the obligation. It is the glory of true religion that it inspires and inculcates a spirit of benevolence. It is a religion of charity, which none other ever was. There never was a hospital built until christianity built one. It is true there have been many since, and by people of the world too; but they were provoked to it by christians. This spirit is not peculiar to the New Testament: Deut. xv. 7—12. Christ went about doing good; he taught the doctrine (parable of good Samaritan): he censured the Pharisees for setting it aside; he set the example to his disciples, and they abounded in it. It is no inconsiderable part of true religion to let our light shine before men. But more particularly,

1. That with which we do good must be our own. "Cast *thy* bread." As there are some who withhold more than is meet, so there are others who, from ostentation, give what is not their own.

2. We are to do good liberally. "Give a portion *to seven, and also to eight.*" It is a great obstacle to many, and a common objection, that cases are so numerous. This is true, and every person must judge whether he ought to give to all. If not, he must select the most deserving and important, and those in his immediate circle. But the question, "Be not weary in well doing," is not given without reason.

3. For the sake of doing good we should deny ourselves. "Thy *bread.*" It is a notion of many that they are required to give only superfluities; but this is treating God and the poor with only a dog's portion—the crumbs, as it were, which fall from their table. "Cast thy *bread* on the waters." There is something wonderful in that passage, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that although he was rich, for your sakes he *became poor*," &c. Deny thyself, especially in such times as these, of luxuries in eating, drinking, apparel, entertainments, appearance, &c. Emulate the churches of Macedonia, (2 Cor. viii.,) whose deep poverty abounded to the riches of their liberality.

4. We are to do good, notwithstanding discouraging appearances in providence. We must not regard wind and weather, but resemble the husbandman in sowing the grain. The work *must* be done—the corn *must* be sown, let wind and weather be what they may. "Here is a cloud," says one; "stay awhile. I am apprehensive of loss in this quarter and in that; and I may not have enough for myself." Nay; but "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Give as the Lord hath prospered you, and leave another day or another year to take care for itself.

II. Consider the motives by which this duty is *enforced*.

1. The reward which awaits you. "Thou shalt *find* it again." What we do for the poor is not thrown away, though it may seem to be so. It is sowing the seeds of immortality, and, if done right, we shall find it, though it may be "many days" first. God so orders it, that merciful men meet with *mercy* in this

life, and their children after them, Ps. cxii. 20; and who knows what ours may need? Or, if we never find it here, we shall find it in a dying hour, and still more at the judgment, Matt. xxv. 31—46. The poor are Christ's receivers. Yea, it will add to our joy hereafter, else it could not be called, "laying up treasure in heaven."

2. The impending ills that threaten us. "Thou knowest not *what evil shall be upon the earth.*" Covetousness would turn this to another use: "We know not what we shall want; we must every one look to himself." No! that which you now possess may be taken from you: foes may consume it, floods may sweep it way, enemies may invade it, or internal changes may strip you of your all. Do good while you have it in your power—by and by you may be unable.

3. The design of God in affording us what we have—not that it may be hoarded, but communicated. If the clouds be full of rain, they *empty themselves on the earth.* Inanimate nature is brought in to provoke us. We are but stewards after all, and must give account of our stewardship.

4. The near approach of death, when all our opportunities will be forever at an end. The tree will soon fall, and as it falls, so it will lie. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work nor device in the grave, whither thou goest."

THE REFLECTOR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1848.

Office of Ch. Reflector, No. 52, Washington Street.

The Discipline of Suffering.

The closing verse of a hymn in which the seraphic spirit of Samuel Pearce poured itself forth, runs thus:

'All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget;
But, reflecting how it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat,
Cry, 'affliction! sweet affliction!
Haste! bring more to Jesus' feet!'

That must be an elevation of piety where a man can adopt such a sentiment as his own. Such an elevation Pearce had attained; and hence, language like this was the spontaneous utterance of a soul that was 'hid with Christ in God.'

Paul held a similar elevation when, amid the untold sufferings that were laid upon him, he was 'exceeding joyful.' 'These *light* afflictions,' said he, 'are but for a moment.' Time will soon be merged in eternity. And then, these messengers of Providence have a mission. 'They *work out* for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

It is the business of man, as he deems it, to shun the path of affliction. Were he to choose, he would never be found walking along its rugged way. The great aims of his life are, either to fortify himself against the coming of trials, or to mitigate their severity. It seems to have been forgotten that there is a discipline in the trying visitations of Providence, which God sees to be necessary for us, and which he hence in mercy sends, spite of our opposition. It is for this reason, in part, that he is represented as choosing his people 'out of the furnace of affliction.' It is there that the dross of sin and of the world is commonly melted away and consumed. The most illustrious saints that ever lived, those whose names we delight to sing and to hear, were those whom God had refined as silver, by processes of his own appointment, and often so hard for flesh and blood to bear. Even Christ, 'the Captain of our salvation,' is declared to have been made '*perfect* through suffering.' The road 'that leads to destruction' is broad and often strewn with flowers. That which conducts to 'pleasures forevermore' at the right hand of Jesus, is one of wisely and mercifully appointed tribulation,—mysterious as, to us mortals, it appears. God's ways in all this 'are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.'

Seldom has more truth been expressed than in the lines addressed by Cowper 'to an afflicted Protestant lady in France:'

'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:
No traveller e'er reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain;
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But He who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls His grace design'd
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, 'Go, spend them in a vale of tears.'

When will our faith teach us that Jehovah is wise, as he is supremely good, in all of darkness that settles upon our pathway? When shall we learn that it is his to appoint the discipline of life,—that discipline which is needful to prepare the subject of it for heaven? Why should we shrink from the appointments of a Father who, in taking us at last to himself, is qualifying us for complete adoption,—and, in weaning us from earth, for the final heirship with Christ of all things?

Puritanism and the Baptists.

Passing events frequently lead us to reflect on the relation which the Baptists hold to Puritanism, and to those who regard themselves as its representatives and advocates. The Rev. Dr. Coit, rector of the Episcopal church at New Rochelle, and the author of a work entitled 'Puritanism,' has given a minute account of the injuries which the Baptists suffered from the old New England Puritans; he has portrayed in lively colors that stern, persecuting spirit which was the disgrace of the seventeenth century, and which gave occasion for the remark, that the Catholics of Maryland were more tolerant than the Protestants of Massachusetts. Dr. Coit proceeds to cite from Prof. Knowles, and other Baptist writers, some candid remarks on the history of that period, containing something like an apology for the Puritans, and showing, that in our judgment of them, we must make large allowance for the prevailing spirit of their times. He then remonstrates with the Baptists in regard to this tendency to treat the persecutors of their ancestors in this courteous manner, and calls upon them to be true to history, to be just to themselves, to express their abhorrence of Puritan intolerance without stint and without palliation.

There is one important reason, however, why a Baptist cannot look upon Puritan persecutions in the same light as an Episcopalian, who has his own story of grievances to relate. The errors of the Puritans here alluded to, may all be traced to one cause,—the adoption of the old Jewish doctrine of a necessary and formal union of the church and the State. According to their theory, the pale of the church and the State was identical; and, of course, a religious opinion contrary to what the law established, was rebellion against the State. But this great error pertained to all the ecclesiastical systems of Europe, and was interwoven with the whole framework of Episcopacy. The Puritans derived it from the Episcopalians, and they derived it from the Catholics, and they again from the Judaizing teachers of earlier times; teachers whose anti-Christian sentiments are clearly indicated in the Epistle of Paul to the first Gentile churches. If the Episcopalians had first settled Massachusetts, the Baptists would have been no better off than they were under the government of the Puritans; as is evident from the persecutions which our denomination endured in Virginia, where they are now so numerous and powerful. The Baptists differ from other Protestants in this: their *fundamental* doctrine is the direct antithesis of that on which the union of the church and the State is based. That doctrine is, that 'No one can become a proper subject of the Christian sacraments, except by a *free, voluntary* profession of personal faith.' With them, this is an essential element of 'the new dispensation.' Evidently, therefore, a Baptist has reason for cherishing a spirit of candor toward the Puritans, as much as toward any other class of Protestants. The faults of the Puritans were the same as those of all politically established churches: neither greater nor less. The style and bearing of Prof. Knowles toward the Puritans, and those also of the other writers whom Dr. Coit has quoted, were not extraordinary, nor peculiar, but were induced by that broad view of things which is opened to the mind of a Baptist by the point of observation which he occupies. With that view, candor and charity are congenial, and under their influence, while we examine the errors that are around us by the searching light of the New Testament, we can deplore their existence, and labor for their removal, without the aid of a sectarian spirit.

Offerings to War.

The ancient Pagans of the old classic ages, among the multifarious gods of their mythology, had one called Mars. According to Homer and Hesiod, he was the son of Jupiter and Juno.

Lempriere informs us that while the temples of Mars were not numerous in Greece, in Rome he received the most unbounded honors, and the warlike Romans were proud of paying homage to this deity. 'Mars was generally represented in the naked figure of an old man, armed with a helmet, a pike, and a shield. Sometimes he appeared in a military dress, and with a long, flowing beard, and sometimes without. He generally rode in a chariot, drawn by furious horses, which the poets call Flight and Terror. His altars were stained with the blood of the horse on account of his warlike spirit, and of the wolf on account of his ferocity. Magpies and vultures were also offered to him, on account of their greatness and voracity. The Scythians, it is said, generally offered him asses, and the people of Caria, dogs. The weed called dog grass, was sacred to him, because it grows, as it is commonly reported, in places which are fit for fields of battle or where the ground has been stained with the effusion of human blood.'

What a strange object to bow down before and worship as a god! And yet his worship among the conquerors of the world, appears to have been most enthusiastic.

It has been thus in every age of which the soiled and blotted page of history gives us any record. Even those portions of the annals of our race, that rest on the basis of dim tradition, or statements fragmentary, confused, and often contradictory, leave us in no doubt as to whether Mars was the god that the people worshipped. From the eternal snows of the poles to the burning sands of the South, from the pale faced inhabitant of the frigid and temperate zones, to the sable son of the equator, the votaries of the god of war have in every age, made the earth wet with the blood of human victims. It seems to have been understood that no offerings at his altar—not the sacrifice of the wild cat, the wolf, the panther, the tiger, or the lion, are half so acceptable as those of men—of helpless women and tender children.

We boast in this our nineteenth century, of civilization, and the advance of Christianity. Let us not call in doubt the law of progress, under which a beneficent Providence has placed us, when we assert that never has Mars been more adored, than within this very century. Never was he more glutted by human gore; never had he a more devout worshipper than Napoleon, his high priest over the French nation,* and never had he an altar more smoking with costly offerings, than that which in all Europe, during the first twenty years of the present century, sent up in dense volumes, its incense to the god of war. With what fearful power did he, during this period, make all the inventions and genius of modern times, tributary to his praises.

And Mars, during the same period, has been worshipped on American shores, and alas! is worshipped now, worshipped by a Christian people and nation! Who can doubt this, as he sees the lavish praise that is poured upon the heads of the great military chieftains of the land? Never did an old Roman ever return from the field of aggressive conquest, with more of triumphant acclamation than is now showered upon Zachary Taylor, as he passes through this country—a man, who, five years since, was scarcely known out of the army, in which he is an officer, and not one of whose laurels has been won in the defence of his country! And yet, who that does honor to the great chieftain, would not shrink from the distinction of being called a worshipper of the Pagan god, Mars?

We recently chronicled the action of the Legislature of Vermont, in presenting, by official vote, *a sword* to a son of the late Col. Ransom, now a cadet at West Point, and endeavored to show how, by such homage, the spirit of war-worship is revived and perpetuated. We have the mortification and pain to add to the fresh offerings laid upon the altar of blood within the last few months, the following, which we copy as it here stands, from the New York Commercial Advertiser:

—

TRIBUTES TO VALOR.—There are at the establishment of Messrs. Ball, Tompkins and Black, of this city, two gold mounted swords, which have been ordered for presentation, to two of the gallant commanders in the regular service of the United States.

The first was ordered by the Common Council and citizens of Troy, for General Wool, and cost $1,000. It is of the Roman pattern, and enclosed in a heavy gilt scabbard, with guards, bands, and mountings of solid gold. The hilt is surmounted with a helmet, and on its sides Mars and Hercules, in bold relief. On one side of the scabbard are engraved two battle scenes, a charge by infantry and an advance by artillery. On the reverse, the arms of the city of Troy, several military groupings, and the following inscription:

Queenston, October 13, 1812.
Plattsburgh, September 11, 1814.
Buena Vista, February 22-23, 1847.

On the hilt is engraved:—

'Presented by the Common Council and Citizens of Troy, (New York,) to their townsman, Brigadier General JNO. E. WOOL, as a token of their personal esteem, and of their high appreciation of his gallantry and military ability, as displayed on the bloody field of BUENA VISTA, the 22nd and 23d days of February, 1847.'

The other is a dress sword, which has been prepared for Gen. Worth, in pursuance of an order from the citizens of Hudson and Kinderhook, at a cost of $500. Like the other, the scabbard is of silver gilt, and the mountings are of gold. The hilt is surmounted with heads of Bacchus and a Bacchante, crowned with grape vines and fruit, and the scabbard is handsomely chased and ornamented. It bears the following inscription:

'Presented to Maj. Gen. WILLIAM J. WORTH, U. S. Army, by citizens of Hudson and Kinderhook, and others, formerly residents of his native county, in token of their admiration of the skill and conduct displayed by their gallant fellow-citizen, at the storming of MONTERREY, September 21, 22, and 23, 1846.'

A Washington correspondent of the same paper, writing from the seat of government, under date of Jan. 1, 1848, says:

'The dinner to Generals Quitman and Shields, which took place last night, went off with great hilarity. The company, scarcely exceeding a hundred, were of an intelligent class, embracing many persons of distinction in civil and military life.—Such a demonstration in honor of any mere civilians, however eminent may have been their services to the public, could not be got up. It is one of the evidences of a disposition to do special homage to military service. The reception which our military heroes from Mexico have had, in every part of the country which they have visited, has been enthusiastic beyond description or former example. Some entire States appear to have run wild in this devotion to heroes. It is carried to the extent of fanatical idolatry, and there is no manifestation of any sober, strong, clear sense, on the part of the mass of the people, that will hereafter temper it.'

When, we ask, is the reign of 'peace on earth, and good will to men,' to commence? Are we barbarians, Christians, or demons that we seek to perpetuate the spirit and trophies that have already made the world one vast charnel house? Do we desire, by such examples, to make our children, and generations yet to come, not blessings, but scourges to their race? Do we wish the reign of blood, and the worship of Mars, to continue forever?

*Intelligence from France, by the last steamship, states that the anniversary services for the repose of the soul of Napoleon were performed at the Invalides, on the 15th ultimo.

England.

Foreign Correspondence of the Christian Reflector.

Letters from London.

The weather, early flowers, &c.—Account of meeting of the Sunday School Union.—Important subjects discussed.—A teacher's correspondence with his old scholars.—A present to the Secretary of an American edition of the Enyclopædia of Religious Knowledge, &c.—A dreadful collision on the CHURCH AND STATE RAILROAD.—Twelve bishops against Lord John and the Queen.—Cause of this alarming catastrophe.—Ireland still in commotion.—John O'Connell and Mr. Hume.—Dr. Townley's opinion of the cause of Ireland's wo.—Why, if Popery be the true religion, does it shed so much blood?—The Duke of Wellington and the army, &c.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Though within a week of what is commonly called Christmas eve, we are enjoying the most beautiful weather imaginable. My young floral friends tell me that on the hedges and in the fields, the *daisy, polyanthus* and *daffodil* are in bloom. At present, I should consider the weather healthy; but we have had a very sickly time of it for a few weeks past. The influenza has been the prevailing epidemic, and has been somewhat fatal among aged persons and children.

Last evening, I had the pleasure of attending a large meeting of the Sunday School Union. These meetings occur monthly, and at each meeting a subject is discussed, the object of which is *to increase the moral power and influence of the Sabbath school.* At the preceding meeting, the subject of consideration was, *the special duties of the superintendents of our Sabbath schools.* Last evening, the subject was one of great importance: *How shall we best promote the welfare and secure the salvation of the senior scholars in our Sabbath schools?* It was admitted that the majority of scholars are lost sight of, from about the age of twelve or fourteen, till they return to the church in maturity, or, it may be, in old age. But, alas! many, very many, never return. One Sabbath school teacher, a second Risdon Darracott, told us that he never lost sight of any of his scholars,—he always followed them, either in person or by letter; and you would have had your heart warmed, had you heard some of the extracts of correspondence then read. One scholar wrote from Antigua, in the West Indies, another from South Africa, in answer to letters which he had written. In every instance, it was evident 'his labor had not been in vain in the Lord.' One brother recommended a singing-class for such scholars, connected with a literary institute, to which they should be admitted. The President, J. Johnstown, Esq., recommended *a juvenile prayer-meeting.* And having been requested to address the meeting, I ventured to recommend, in addition to all that had been urged, *the necessity of more direct and vigorous effort to effect the salvation of our senior scholars before they leave the school.* It was a delightful meeting; when we parted, at about nine o'clock, ministers and teachers all seemed to feel that it was good to be there, and that more attention ought to be given to this important and glorious subject, —*the salvation of youth in our Sabbath schools and congregations.* At about the close of the meeting, a copy of the American Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge, bound in morocco, with gilt edges, and three volumes, being a fine edition of Josephus, were presented to Mr. Rogers, Secretary of the Union. The *first* from the teachers, the *second* from the senior scholars, as a mark of esteem for his labors and efforts, for the last seven years, in behalf of Sabbath schools.

There has been a dreadful collision on the Church and State railroad recently. *What a pity they don't make two separate rails.* The up train, containing twelve bishops, among whom were Dr. Blomfield, bishop of London, the pugnacious Philpot, of Exeter, and ten others, of every degree between Episcopacy and Romanism, were met by the down train, containing Lord John Russel and her most gracious majesty, Queen Victoria. The trains met, and a dreadful collision ensued, in the neighborhood of Hereford. And although fortunately no lives were lost, the carriages were greatly shattered, and the rail is thought to be seriously impaired by this accident. The bishops impute all the blame of this sad catastrophe to Lord John, for having placed an incompetent overseer on this part of the rail. Lord John, on the other hand, as loudly asserts the competency of Dr. Hampden, the man he has appointed in the name of her most gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., and insists that the whole calamity, from beginning to end, is attributable to the bishops; to their pride, infatuation and insubordination, in not listening to the shrill whistle of royalty, and clearing the track in time.

But now what is to be done? The bishops are heartily sorry at being where they are, and some would willingly go back, could they do so honorably. They, however, *claim* to be THE CHURCH, and are exclaiming, at the top of their voice, to Lord John and Her Majesty, 'HEAR THE CHURCH!!' Lord John asks, 'Is it right to say to a Queen, thou doest wrong?' and if it be right '*to hear the church,*' how much more so *to hear the head of the church,* and the head of the State, at the same time—so by Divine right and Episcopal acknowledgment. Under these circumstances, I see no chance for the bishops, but to beat a retreat, under the cover of night, or some other cover which, in their collective wisdom, and the exigency of the case, they may be able to devise.

The moral of the whole affair is this.—Lord John Russel, Prime Minister of the Queen, has appointed Dr. Hampden, late Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, to the vacant see of Hereford. The bishops, alarmed at the liberal sentiments of Dr. Hampden, protest against the appointment, basing their protest on the *asserted* general opinion of his heterodoxy. This protest Lord John considers a nullity, inasmuch as they do not assert the charge on their own responsibility. And if the charge were valid, why should he have held so high an office as Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford so many years, since this defective orthodoxy was supposed to exist; and finally, his calumniators have long been in their own place, namely, *in the bosom of the church of Rome.*

And now what is this defective orthodoxy? It appears that about fifteen years ago, Dr. Hampden delivered a course of lectures, in which some such propositions as these, were laid down. 1. All Scripture is of equal authority. Its doctrines, precepts, and facts, demand our belief, and are of the highest authority. 2. The writings of the fathers are not of equal authority, but vary in claims upon our credence dependent upon a variety of circumstances. 3. In illustrating this, if I am rightly informed, he asserted as opinion, that had the early fathers never defined the Trinity, we should never have heard of Arianism. Here he was supposed in his illustration to be vulnerable. That he is not an Unitarian, is evident from the fact that he recommends as a text book, Dr. John Pye Smith's Scripture Testimony of the Messiah.

I suppose his views were somewhat analogous to those entertained and defended by Dr. Campbell, of Bethany, Virginia, against Dr. Rice, in his celebrated discussion, wherein he endeavors to show that *constrained consent produces dissent.* The Times, Puseyite as it is becoming, admits that Lord John Russell has beaten the bishops in this affair. I have no doubt but it will be plain to every one, that while the ostensible reason for their opposition to the appointment of Dr. Hampden, is his heterodoxy, their real motive is his liberalism.

Ireland is still in great distress, and the coercive measures of the present Parliament will not mend her condition. John O'Connell, who at first promised to support the ministry in this coercive measure, is now abusing the ministers and the measure in the most extravagant manner. His speeches will be copied into every Roman Catholic paper in Ireland, and though not more than from eight to twenty, out of the hundred and five Irish members vote with him, yet his opposition alone will destroy all the good the bill *might* produce among the lower orders, as the poor are termed in Ireland. John has not a fraction of the talent of his father, but yet he is in *his name* an host. Mr. Hume, one of the oldest liberals in the house, denied that the members for Ireland were opposed to the bill. Out of one hundred and five Irish members, only thirteen had voted against it, *and it was impossible to suppress indignation, when they heard of a priest denouncing an individual in the morning, of that man being shot before the evening, and of the murderer receiving absolution from the same priest before he went to bed.*

Dr. Gownley, one of the greatest friends of the poor in Ireland, says: A twenty-five years' residence in poor priest-ridden Ireland, has convinced me, that wicked Popery more than bad-landlordism, has reduced that unhappy land to degradation and misery. It is the mass-house, and not the rent-roll, that has led men to despise the laws of God and man, raised their hands to shed blood, and rendered this fair portion of the empire, a scene of assassination, where no man's life is secure by day or by night.

Dr. G. learnt the Irish among the cabins of the poor, and was loved wherever he went. He says the Irish Roman Catholics have an axiom, '*Ta an sagart an ionad De,*' i. e., The priest is in the place of God!—Thus whatever the priest enjoins, the people are justified in obeying.

For my own part, I believe there are many bad landlords in Ireland, but with Townley, I believe that Ireland's *deepest* wo is found in wicked Popery. The gospel teaches us to overcome evil with good, but where, in all its sacred pages, are we taught to imbrue our hands in the blood of our fellow-creatures? even though they be our *enemies.* If Popery be the TRUE RELIGION, why does it burn its enemies by day, when it has the power of the civil sword, and murder them by night, when it has not that power? Ask bishop Hughes? perhaps he can unfold this mystery of mysteries. And if he cannot, I am sure my learned friend, Dr. Dowling, will give him a little light on the subject—light which, if the bishop would follow, would lead him to the realms of purity and bliss; by which he might save himself, and them that hear him. O that Roman Catholics of America would look at this subject, reason upon it as men, and come to just and common-sense conclusions.

The Duke of Wellington has been urging the importance of placing England in a state of greater defence, and of largely increasing the army. Poor old man! he is now realizing Solomon's description of old age, in one particular at least, 'fears shall be in the way.' Better feed the poor than increase the army; better do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before God, than place our dependence in fleets or armies. Wishing you every blessing, I remain as ever,

Yours, most affectionately,

HASHMONAH.

The President's Levee.

The annual levee of the President on the first day of the year, is thus noticed by a correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser:

Mr. Polk stood near the door of one of the elliptical rooms, which opens into the great hall or entry of the palace; the procession of those who wished to shake his hand moved toward him, and having passed the salutations, visiters scattered into the East room and elsewhere. Mrs. Polk stood a few steps behind him, accompanied by J. K. Walker, the official private secretary. Mrs. P. was plainly but elegantly dressed, and manifested her usual grace and sweetness. Not having to *back out* when taking leave of the presence of their republican majesties, we had a good opportunity to observe the movements of the mass. The panorama exhibited an almost kaleidoscopic variety. The rougher sex greatly predominated as to numbers, while there were some chosen specimens of the gentler part of creation. The broad, short, Russian-shaped form of Baron Bodisco worked itself through the crowd, exciting much curiosity in those who had never before seen the Polar envoy. He was richly dressed, and with his American wife rode in an elegant carriage drawn by four bays, attended by servants in full livery. Pageot, the French Minister, also appeared in a style becoming the representative of his Majesty the King of the French.

Other diplomatic officials from the larger or smaller kingdoms or republics of the earth were scattered around, among whom was the Minister of Chili, who like him of Russia, espoused an American lady. Even the rich dresses of the American naval and military officers seemed plain in the comparison with those of the monarchical representatives.—Generals, commodores, colonels, majors and middies abounded on every side. There was Quitman with his dark gray locks, mustachioed lips, and broad, lusty form, the first importation of impersonated martial glory we have had from the bloody fields of Mexico. He looks fierce, as becomes an invader. There was Shields, whose life is a miracle, having been pronounced by his physicians mortally wounded, because shot in the lungs, the very holders of human breath. Here he is—and well, except that his wounded arm is sustained in a beautiful sling of dark blue silk, made and ornamented by the ladies of Charleston, with the palmetto, and other gallant devices, and presented to the scarred chieftain.

General Shields is a younger man than Quitman, more slender in person and less ferocious in aspect. Some efforts have been made to magnify them here. A dinner, &c. was given. I regret that Senator R. Johnson, of Maryland, who attended this dinner, came out so decidedly for this Mexican war, and so gratuitously promised to support it with voice and vote, bowing at the same time so profoundly and enthusiastically to the phantom of military glory.

A lieutenant, mutilated in one arm, was seen in the crowd, and other heroes from Mexico were present. Editors, publishers, and reporters were on the ground; venerable judges, their robes laid aside for the day; Senators, who mingled with each other as if all were of one party.

Division of the Boston Association.

To the Churches in the Boston Baptist Association:

BOSTON, JANUARY 4, 1847.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The necessity of a division of the Boston Baptist Association has been felt for several years. There are but few churches in the body which can, without great inconvenience, entertain the Pastors and Messengers from forty-nine churches, with other visiters who are always expected to attend. Moreover, too large a portion of the time is consumed in the reading of the Letters, and the mere business of the Association; leaving but little opportunity for religious services, or for remarks and discussions on general religious topics, and objects connected with the prosperity of the churches and the denomination.

But notwithstanding these obvious difficulties, which all must have felt, only a few of the churches have been willing to withdraw from their present associational connections; and unless there can be something approaching towards an equal division, it is considered doubtful whether a separation could profitably take place.

At the meeting of our last Association, held in Brookline, Sept. 15 and 16, it was recommended, that, without interfering with the preferences of any church—should there be a division—it should be as geographically equal as possible; one body to be called the Boston North Baptist Association, the other to be named the Boston South Baptist Association. At a public meeting held after the adjournment of the Association aforesaid, a committee was appointed, consisting of DANIEL SHARP, THOMAS F. CALDICOTT, WM. H. SHAILER, S. F. SMITH, and G. W. BOSWORTH, who were authorized and requested to address the churches on the subject, and to ascertain if possible, with a view to conjoint action at the next Association—or sooner should it be thought desirable—which churches would prefer, or consider it to be their duty, to belong to the Boston North, or the Boston South, Association.

The Committee believe that a division or separation ought to take place. It is not with them a matter of feeling but of conviction. Feeling says, Remain, and be one body; Duty says, Divide, and become two bodies. Some of us are ready to say, If a sufficient number will go to the South, we will go to the North; or, If a sufficient number will go to the North, we will go to the South. But it is our conviction that, as nearly as circumstances and relations will justify, about an equal number of churches should branch off in each direction, for the purpose of forming two Associations.

We have already submitted these views to the Pastors of the churches of this Association, at the last two of their two-monthly meetings. At the last meeting held in Boston, Dec. 7, 1847, and called with special reference to this subject, the committee were requested to specify what churches would fall to the North, and what to the South, by a geographical division. Taking the Worcester Railroad as the dividing line west of Boston, Cambridge street, and Hanover street in Boston, and Massachusetts Bay, east of Boston, they found the division would be as follows:—

NORTH.

1st. Church, Boston, Baldwin Place; Woburn; Weston; 1st. Charlestown; Malden; Independent, Boston; 1st. Cambridge; West Cambridge; Littleton; Framingham; 2d, Cambridge; Townsend; Watertown, 2d. Reading; Lexington; Groton; Chelsea; Bowdoin Square, Boston; Medford; East Boston; Charlestown and Somerville; Old Cambridge; Union Church, Boston; West Acton; High street, Charlestown. Total, 26 Churches, with 4,928 members.

SOUTH.

Medfield; 1st Newton; Charles street, Boston; Canton; 1st. Roxbury; North Randolph; West Dedham; Rowe street, Boston; Brookline; South Boston; Hingham; Medway; 2d. Newton; 1st. Dorchester; Needham and Dover; Harvard street, Boston; Tremont street, Boston; Jamaica Plain; Braintree; North Wrentham; East Dedham; 2d. Dorchester; 3. Roxbury. Total, 23 Churches, with 3,649 members.

Whereupon it was unanimously voted as follows:—

Resolved, That we approve the plan of division which has now been presented, and recommend it to the favorable consideration and free action of the churches.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Committee on the division of the Association, the appending to their Circular the following request, namely:—

That the Churches send up, to a meeting specially called for the purpose, the usual number of Delegates appointed for associational meetings, fully authorized to act definitely on the subject of the contemplated division. Signed

CHARLES K. COLVER, Secretary.

Boston, Dec. 7, 1847.

We hope, dear brethren, that you will take this subject into intelligent, candid, and conscientious consideration, and by a vote of your church, say,—

1st. Whether you approve of this plan of dividing the Association.

2d. If it should be so divided, whether you are willing to belong to the branch to which your name is herein attached, or whether you prefer to belong to the other.

3d. Whether you will send up your letter and your delegates to a meeting with the First Church in Roxbury, on Wednesday, the 23d day of Feb. 1848, at 10 o'clock A. M., and instruct them to act definitely on this subject.

The Committee would advise that everything be done at this meeting *but actually dividing*, so that there may be nothing to do at the next meeting of the Association, at South Boston, in reference to this subject, but to give each other the parting hand. Signed in behalf of the Committee

DANIEL SHARP, Chairman.

Philadelphia.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REFLECTOR.

Progress of time.—Opening of Girard College.—Dedication of Broad street church.—Call from Sansom street church to Dr. Malcom.—New Western church.—New effort of Tenth church.—Sermons to the young.—Ministerial Conference.—Collections for Irish poor.—Philadelphia Sabbath School Society.—Publication Society effort.—Installation of Dr. Belcher.

Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1848.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—To you and your readers this letter comes greeting. May all the blessings adapted to the present season and all future ones richly descend on you, till the changes of time and the means of grace shall have prepared you for an infinitely better world.

The lapse of time may well excite grateful emotions and solemn review. Well indeed is it where hearts are not graves in which the mercies of heaven lie ungratefully buried. But as my business is rather to furnish intelligence than to suggest lessons of morality, I proceed to my own proper duty.

Two interesting occurrences have taken place in our city since my last letter. One is the opening of Girard College for orphans. Your readers will recollect the singular will of that strange man; and will rejoice that his attempts, which I fear he really intended to make, to exclude all Christianity from his institution, have utterly failed. The laws of the country, and the public feeling of this city have fully authorized the excellent Board of Directors to secure morality on a Christian foundation. The magnificent buildings are completed, an efficient band of officers and teachers chosen, and the engagements of the institution have commenced under the direction of the Hon. Judge Jones, who bids fair to make an excellent president. All success attend the institution, while the intelligence extends over earth, that America will allow no college to exist which saps the foundation of morality by cherishing infidelity.

The other event is one on which our whole denomination may be congratulated. It is the completion and dedication of the Broad Street Baptist Church. About eight years since, a Sunday school and preaching station was commenced in a new and interesting part of the city, and after a while a small church was formed, and the Rev. J. L. Burrows, on his resignation of Samsom street, was invited to the pastorate. They worshipped in rooms over carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops, till they obtained land and prepared a commodious basement lecture-room in Broad street, where the church increased to more than three hundred members. They have now, though not wealthy, built a beautiful edifice, of the Elizabethean gothic order, measuring one hundred feet by fifty-two, with galleries, baptistery and organ, and more elegantly finished internally with black walnut, galleries and pews, than any other Baptist church in the city. The spire and outside of the building are not yet completed. The cost has been $22,000, more than $16,000 of which they have already paid, and hope to realize some $4,000 more by sale of pews. The dedication service on New Year's day was well attended, and an admirable sermon was delivered by the pastor from Psalm xlv. 15. A large number of ministers were present to rejoice in the movement and to pray for its success. Devotional and other services were engaged in by Rev. Messrs. Taylor, Aldrich, of Massachusetts, Taylor, Ketchum, Belcher, Webb, Dodge, and Gillette; and on the following day, being the Sabbath, the services were continued, sermons being preached by Rev. Messrs. Ide, Dennis, and Kempton. The gratification experienced as to the house and all its whole history is great and universal. Long may it continue 'the house of God, and the gate of heaven.' It is pleasant to add to this account, that several churches in this district of the country are making efforts to lessen, and some entirely to remove the debts on their houses of worship.

One or two other pleasing movements indicate progress. Our brethren at Samson street have invited Dr. Malcom, President of Georgetown College, Kentucky, to become their pastor. Whether he will feel it to be his duty to accept the call is not known; but if he does, he will most assuredly be received by his brethren in the ministry with a most cordial welcome. A new Baptist church in the western part of the city is contemplated. A neat recently erected house, which belonged to the Methodists, is about to be purchased on advantageous terms, in the neighborhood of Market, Schuylkill and Sixth streets. Services on the Sabbath have been held for some weeks past, and a Sabbath school formed. I am told that about thirty are already prepared to become the constituent members of a new body. The Tenth church, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. H. Kennard, are also about to open a large room for a Sabbath school and preaching in the neighborhood of Buttonwood and Twelfth streets, with a view to the establishment of another cause in that rapidly increasing part of the city. To both these efforts all parties wish success; assuredly several more such are urgently called for in this city and its Liberties.

Though nothing very remarkable is moving in the churches by way of intense feeling or large additions, there is yet much to encourage hope and prayer. It is gratifying to hear the accounts of very large congregations of young persons on last Lord's day evening at the different houses where the pastors addressed that most important portion of the community. And assuredly it has not been less gratifying to listen to the discussions of the Ministerial Conference at its two last monthly meetings, on the causes of a want of increased success in the ministry. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the efficiency of the present race of ministers as compared with the past, all are agreed as to our success being very far less than could be desired or expected. Our state as a denomination, throughout the world, should lead to 'great searchings of heart;' and this should be the case even though it is certainly true that we are increasing as rapidly as any other branch of the church of Christ.

The efforts of the Rev. G. C. Moore, from Ireland, in obtaining money and clothing for the poor of that unhappy land, have in this city been very successful. He will probably return to us to reap more fully of the bounty of our churches.

Did your readers ever hear of a society in Philadelphia 'for the support of First day or Sunday schools' in that city and its Liberties? From a brief but interesting 'account' it has lately published, it appears to have been organized in January, 1791, by the late Bishop White, Dr. Benjamin Rush, and ten other gentlemen, all of whom have since deceased except one. Their teachers were originally paid, first 80 and afterwards 120 dollars per annum. Its device is an open Bible, with the inscription, 'It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day.' It boasts of the honor of employing the first two gratuitous Sunday school teachers in these United States, who began their labors in 1793, and whose names were John Justice and John Ely. They now give their funds to the Sunday schools connected with the different religious denominations making application for aid. Their expenditure has amounted to more than $17,355.

Your readers will be gratified to learn that the colporteur branch of our Publication Society is eminently successful; and that about seven-tenths of the ten thousand dollars wanted by the Society are already secured. But the other three thousand dollars must be obtained by the first of July next or the whole sum is endangered. Kindly urge the New England Baptists to come up to the work, lest they lose the honor of sharing in this noble enterprise. We have never, as a denomination, half sufficiently felt the importance of the press, nor employed it in our extension as other bodies have done. The world calls for LIGHT, and it must have it.

I am not aware of anything more that I need add, excepting perhaps to say that the installation of Dr. Belcher, mentioned in my last as intended, took place in Mount Tabor Church, on the 20th ult. It was well attended, and all the services deeply interesting. The principal exercises were the sermon by Rev. G. B. Ide, installation prayer, Rev. D. Dodge, hand of fellowship, Rev. J. L. Burrows, charge to the pastor, Rev. J. H. Kennard, and to the church, Rev. A. D. Gillette. About twenty pastors were present, several of whom led in devotional portions of the solemnity.

Ever truly yours, H. R.

Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REFLECTOR.

The War.

I see that you are accustomed to head the communications of your correspondents with a sort of running title, or chapter of contents; comprising half a dozen items, more or less, which you give, if I may judge by the use I make of them myself, that your readers may dip in and take what suits them, and leave the rest. And this, by the way, would be but a proper and commendable use of a whole paper; for it is not to be supposed that everything in every paper is adapted to suit every body. And for any reader to demand that everything shall be adjusted to *his* notions or taste altogether, is almost as modest as to require that the church bell shall ring for the benefit of his own family only; and the town clock be hung over his own mantel.

I was going to say, that if you seek for a caption to this communication, you may head it simply, War, for you will find nothing in it but war. I have had so much of that before my eyes and in my ears today, that I can think of nothing else. War, war, war! Before I left Massachusetts I often thought—and the reflection I trust was accompanied with gratitude—'how little do we see or hear to remind and make us feel that we are, as a nation, in the very midst of the calamities and horrors of war! But it is very different here. One cannot be out of his own door long, without being reminded of the fact. Not indeed that we are far enough southwestward to hear the thunder of artillery and slip, as we walk, in the blood of the slain. But we are near enough to these scenes to see and feel their effects in many other forms. If you go into the street, mutilated bodies are limping along beside you, one with one leg, another with a single arm, and another with none at all. If you go into the hotels, triumph and generals, returned from the bloody fields of Cerro Gordo, and Churubusco, Monterey, and Buena Vista meet you. If you listen for the topic in an agency office, it is, The pension of the soldier's widow. If you go into the Capitol, What shall we do with the war? is the question; and if you take up our city papers it is still, 'all about the war.' Here, through column after column, are the proceedings of a court martial; and there, are reports of long lists of those who have fallen in battle. Here, are tidings of living generals under arrest; and there, biographical eulogies of those who 'lie in glory.' Wherever I turn, it is war, war, war! The print shop window is full of generals; hotel windows are screened with battles; Christmas festivals are set off with martial music; and the very silence of the almost midnight hour in which I am now writing, is broken by the spirit-stirring drum. War, war, war! What a strange, strange creature is man! How perverse his mental associations, and his partialities! The drum is but a device to drown the groans, and the fife, the *shrieks* of the wounded and dying; that the appalling effects of the onslaught may not paralize the arms of the soldier before the death-dealing blow of his brother mortal has dismissed himself from the combat. And yet their sounds are called *music!*

When will this war end? On this question my judgment is worth but little.

peace and prosperity to both nations, or war and ruin to both; for the blow which deals death to the nationality of Mexico will be suicide to the North American Union.

Now is the time, then, for all good men to pray for our rulers:—That the wisdom from above,—peace, and peaceable, gentle, and full of mercy,—may be given to our President and his Cabinet; to our Senators and Representatives; that they may act, in the present session, under the solemn conviction that whatever dispensation they make of this matter, they are meeting out the destinies of two nations; and that mercy to the vanquished may be salvation to their own.

Yours, truly, C. W. R.

Miscellanea.

☞ We commenced, last week, printing our paper one day later. Circumstances have heretofore compelled us to put the paper to press considerably earlier in the week than our date would seem to warrant, or than expediency would dictate. We can give later intelligence by this arrangement, and while some may not receive their papers so early in the week as heretofore, we trust that all, considering our publication day is Thursday, will receive them seasonably. All who send us matter for publication, will please forward the same as promptly as heretofore, making no allowance for the above.

☞ A Christian brother and friend writes us from Mount Morris, N. Y., under date of Jan. 2d, informing us of a cheering state of things in the Baptist church and society of that place. The pastor of the church is Rev. C. L. Bacon, in whom they are happily united, and in whose ministrations they are now enjoying a blessing. The true friends of the Redeemer, after many backslidings, have returned to their Father's house with penitence and a new consecration, and sinners are inquiring the way to peace. The new year commences with the dawning of a brighter day upon the church and congregation. May it be thus with all the churches.

'Baptist Church Polity.'—In the Reflector of December 30, 1847, is a brief article with the above caption, presenting an extract from the Boston correspondence of the N. Y. Evangelist. The writer of the extract speaks of the Baptists' 'great central convention,' whose 'decrees have almost the force of laws.' But *is* there such a great central convention? What Baptist church has ever received its decrees? If such a body exists, information concerning it is anxiously desired by

A Baptist.

☞ One of our most successful missionaries in Indiana, writes to one of the pastors in this city, from Covington, that State, as follows:—

'We are at present enjoying the gracious influences of God's Spirit, in subduing the hearts of sinners to himself. I have baptized two individuals, one of them a sister of the United States Senator, Mr. Hannegan, who lives in this place. The other, a young man, a dentist; four others are now candidates to be baptized next Sabbath, and quite a number have been hopefully converted, and are rejoicing in the love of Christ. I am nearly worn out, as I preach twice on the Sabbath, every night during the week, visit during the day, and study my sermons after 3 o'clock in the morning, for the coming evening.

There is a neighborhood called the Kentuck Settlement, about five miles from this place, on Osborn's Prairie, east of Covington, where a third part of our church reside. I have endeavored during the summer, to preach to them in the afternoon of Sabbath, once in two weeks, at 3 o'clock, and then return in season for evening meeting in town. I feel very anxious to establish a Sabbath school among them, as there are a great many children in the neighborhood, of more than ordinary intelligence. I think a Sabbath school library there, would be of great advantage to the cause of Christ in the neighborhood, and would request it for them, if it would not be asking too much.'

New England Sabbath School Union.—It gratifies us to mark the prosperity of this excellent institution. The January number of the Sabbath School Treasury, gives the collections made on its behalf from Nov. 15 to Dec. 15, showing a lively interest in its objects. We trust the Agent of the Union, Rev. J. Barnaby, will continue, wherever he labors, to meet with similar success. While speaking of this institution, we will take occasion to commend its periodical publications—the Treasury and Young Reaper, both of which are exceedingly well suited to promote the cause of Sabbath schools, and the religious interests of the young.

Madison University.—The last N. Y. Recorder informs us that 'the friends of this institution in this city held a meeting of a very interesting character on Wednesday of last week—a meeting of those who have long fostered it with their contributions and prayers, and of others whom it has nourished and prepared for public life as their *Alma Mater*. Palmer Townsend, Esq., was made Chairman, and Rev. A. Wheelock, Secretary. The meeting was addressed by J. N. Wilder, Esq., Drs. Cone and Williams, Rev. Mr. Tucker and William Colgate, Esq., and others. All expressed the most hearty attachment to the University, and a very high sense of the importance of the question of removal to some point in the State farther west, which has been started of late. After a free and animated discussion of several hours, resolutions were drawn up and submitted by Dr. Williams. But as only a portion of the pastors were present, and only a few of the laymen, it was decided to let them lie upon the table, to be taken up and more fully considered at an adjourned meeting.'

The Cherokee Mission.—Rev. W. P. Upham, in a recent letter to his father, gives the following gratifying religious intelligence, which we are permitted to publish:

'You will rejoice to learn that we have had quite an interesting state of things, of a religious character, in this neighborhood for some time past.—Among those who have been buried with Christ in baptism, were three daughters of bro. Jones. Another daughter of bro. J. has obtained a good hope of acceptance with God. The interest still continues, and I am happy in saying that it is not confined to this neighborhood, but extends to nearly all of our churches throughout the 'Nation.' Many have been baptized, and I think the yearly Report of the Mission will give the number of additions to our churches as high as one hundred. We have much to encourage us in our labors for the Cherokees. I have no wish, and never have had since I engaged in the work, to retire from this field, and my ardent desire and fervent prayer is, that my humble and imperfect labors may be blessed; and that ere long this 'wilderness and solitary place shall be made glad,' and this 'desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.' We have much cause of gratitude for the repeated tokens of God's 'loving kindness and tender mercies,' and to our kind Redeemer for permitting us, by delightful experience, to realize the integrity of his last promise, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

Baptists in Syracuse.—The Syracuse Star says: 'Within a very short time, there has been a movement commenced toward rebuilding the First Baptist church in this village. $10,000 are required for the purpose, and we understand full two thirds of that sum has already been subscribed. We hope the enterprise will succeed.'

Syracuse City Charter.—A friend writes us from this place within a few days past, that 'the bill for a city charter, passed by the last Legislature, was adopted at the charter election to-day, by a large majority.

☞ Our thanks are due to Rev. Dr. Burns, of London, (not Barns, as our types had it,) for London papers, and also to Rev. C. H. Hoskin.

☞ The Congregational Journal reports an interesting revival as now in progress at Plymouth, N. H. We notice a number of revivals reported from the West, and among others, a powerful work of grace in the Transylvania University, Ky.

Religious Revivals.—The religious papers from different sections of our widely extended country, says the Traveller, continue to mention the existence of unusual religious interest in their vicinity. In Plymouth, N. H., there is said to be an unusual degree of religious feeling pervading one neighborhood. In Pittsford and in two churches in Windsor, county, Vt., there is also said to exist an unusual degree of religious feeling.

In West Bradford, Mass., there has existed a strong religious interest for several months past.—In Ridgefield, Ct., a somewhat extensive revival has been in progress for three months. A revival is reported as in progress at Pickering, Canada West, among the Baptists; and among the Methodists, in Cayuga District, N. Y. We have reports also of the existence of unusual religious interest in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Tennessee, Indiana, and Mississippi. Indeed, from nearly every section of the country we are receiving intimations of the existence, here and there, of special religious interest at the present time; and this, not confined to any particular sect or denomination; and as would appear, not generally the result of any special exertions, but of the blessing of Heaven on the ordinary means of religious improvement.

Chambers' Library for Young People.—Gould, Kendall & Lincoln have commenced the issue of Chambers' Library for Young People. The subject of the first in the series, is Orlandino, a story of Self-Denial, by Maria Edgeworth. The style in which this work is to be executed, is very beautiful and attractive; the matter, like all else that we have from the Chambers, speaks for itself. That it will attract an army of readers among the class for whom it is intended, we cannot doubt.

The New Miscellany for Girls and Boys, enited by Miss Cornelia L. Tuthill. We have too long delayed a notice of this publication; at least, we know our young readers, of whom we have many, would think so, should their eyes, like our own, rest upon the fair numbers before us. It is variously illustrated, appears in the neatest style, and, so far as we can judge, admirably executes its design of entertaining and instructing the girls and boys, of whom it will no doubt boast numerous readers. Hotchkiss, No. 13 Court street.

☞ The Worcester Christian Citizen thinks some Southern papers greatly given to boasting, and quotes in proof the following, from a recent number of the Georgia Christian Index, with the annexed comment of its own:

'*Our Editorial Department.*—We can say what, probably, no other editor can; that a good portion of our editorial columns have been filled, during the present year, with articles furnished by one who is an inhabitant of the world of spirits.'

Brother Baker may probably get his 'editorials' from the *celestial* regions, but we are pretty confident that his advertisements come from the opposite direction. There is one in the same paper, from which we have copied the above, that smells as if came from the regions *infernal*, and here it is:

NOTICE.—Will be sold on the first Tuesday in February next, in the town of Greensboro,' Greene County, a tract of land containing one hundred and three acres, whereon James H. Ralls lived at the time of his death. *Also, a negro woman, Mariah, and her three children*, all belonging to the estate of said James H. Ralls, deceased. Sold by order of the Honorable the Inferior Court of said County, when sitting as a Court of Ordinary, for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased. Terms on the day.

John G. Holtzclaw, Adm'r.

Nov. 21, 1847.

Valuable Improvement in Dentistry.—We have inspected a plan of setting teeth upon stumps, practised and tested by Drs. Grandin and Dudley, Dentists, at the corner of Washington street and Central Court, which seems to us to have several important advantages over the common method of perishable or partly perishable pivots. By this plan the greatest precision, firmness and closeness of fit is obtained, while the *decay* of the stump is prevented so far as it is possible to be done. By this come no intolerable stumps to ache in the mouth be- a block. We cannot but advise all our friends who are about to have their dental apparatus repaired by art, to examine Dr. Grandin's method before employing any other dentist. Though making no show, it is a great practical improvement.

☞ Rev. J. O. Choules, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Newport, R. I., has become an editorial contributor to the Alliance and Family Visiter, of this city. Messrs. Warren, Dean and Mason, have retired from their connection with that journal, and have commenced with others 'The American Cabinet,' the first number of which we have received. It appears well, and promises to be an attractive literary and miscellaneous newspaper.

☞ A subscriber asks, if some of our correspondents will not inform him whether deacons in our churches should be set apart by the imposition of hands!

☞ In the notice of the ordination in Londonderry, Vt., it should have been stated that the concluding prayer was offered by Rev. A. W. Nott, pastor of the Congregational church, Winhall.

☞ We learn that the New Hampshire State Temperance Society met at Manchester last week. How the difficulties were finally disposed of, we are not informed; a new Board of officers was elected, the Report of the old Board was indefinitely postponed. It is hoped the Society will move forward with efficiency.

☞ Rev. President Hopkins, of Williamstown, has declined the appointment of Bartlet Professor in Andover Theological Institution.

☞ The New York Recorder reports a 'powerful' revival of religion as in progress at Flemington, New Jersey.

☞ The New York and Erie Railroad has been opened to Port Jervis, on the Delaware river, ninety-eight miles from New York. The cars will immediately commence running to this place.

☞ Three *murders* have been occasioned by rum, in New Hampshire, within a few weeks. Were those who sold the rum licensed to kill 'by authority,' or did they violate the Statute of the State? Who looks after such matters?

Steamboat Explosion.—On Saturday last, the steamer Blue Ridge burst her boilers, in the Ohio river. From twenty to thirty passengers perished. The forty or fifty passengers who escaped, saved nothing but their night clothes.

General Intelligence.

From Mexico.

An arrival from Vera Cruz, furnishes the following news:

It is rumored that Gen. Marshall will march for Jalapa or Orizaba, as soon as he can get the necessary ammunition.

Father Jarauta is now recruiting his guerilla forces at Orizaba.

Gen. Pierce has arrived at New Orleans, and it is rumored that he will immediately resign.

Gen. Lane had fought the Mexicans at a place called 'Matamoras.

The Mexicans were whipped, and General Lane had the satisfaction of releasing several American prisoners.

Lieut. Ridgley, Assistant Adjutant to General Lane, was killed during the fight.

The officers stationed at Puebla had resolved to present General Lane with a medal, of the value of $1,000.

Gen. Twiggs has arrived at Vera Cruz from the Capital, (which he left on the 9th of Dec.,) with a train, and many wounded officers and soldiers.

General Twiggs entered upon the duties of his office as Governor of the department of Vera Cruz on the 29th Dec.

Mr. Trist is expected shortly to arrive at Vera Cruz, under an escort of cavalry.

It is pretty certain that Lieut. O'Sullivan, promoted from a corporalship, and recently resigned, has joined the Mexicans and been appointed Colonel.

Several Mexicans have been murdered in conflicts with the guerillas near Matamoras.

Morales, the Governor of New Leon, has been deposed by the military Governor of Monterey, for aiding the guerillas.

Gen. Cushing arrived at the capital on the 8th December, with the Massachusetts and 1st Pennsylvania Regiments, and another detachment of recruits.

Gen. Patterson arrived at the capital on the 6th ult. with a portion, about 500, of Col. Hays's Texan Regiment, and a small train.

Gen. Butler is on the route to the capital with 8000 men. Accompanying the train were some twenty or thirty wagons, filled with merchandise of every kind, belonging to foreign merchants of Mexico, and which has been lying at Vera Cruz awaiting a safe opportunity for transportation. Col. Winkoop went in command of the Pennsylvania Regiment, and Major Webster of the Massachusetts men. Col. Wright, of the last, remains at Perote as Governor of that place, and Lieut. Col. Abbott, is sick there.

The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin says Gen. Butler remains at Puebla.

The Government of Mexico has appointed Gen. Quitjano Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in the State of Mexico.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Puebla, mentions rumors that Alvarez, with 15,000 Mexicans, was within a few days march of that place.

Gen. Lane's fight at Matamoras was with Rea, whom he whipped—killing one hundred Mexicans, capturing two pieces artillery, and releasing a number of American prisoners. Lieut. Ridgley and one private were killed. Matamora is about 30 miles from Puebla.

New Orleans papers of the 2d inst., contain advices from Vera Cruz to December 25th. Rumors were current at Vera Cruz that General Scott had decided to send a column of the army to Quaretaro. No confirmation of the peace rumors.

From England.

The London correspondent of the Traveller thus alludes to the condition of England and the doings of Parliament:—

'The members of Parliament have passed a Coercion Bill for Ireland, hoping to put an end to the terrible crimes that are committed in that unhappy country. The present great topic is, whether Jews shall be allowed to sit in Parliament. Shall Rothschild sit in Parliament? The whole country is arrayed against the Baron—Protestant and Dissenter—Whig and Tory—English and Scotch—march together to oppose such a dangerous innovation. Yet, if the Jew and his gold can move the throne, the Jew and his gold, with the Premier and his party, will be able to find a place in the Parliament of Great Britain.

The citizens of certain counties in Ireland still live in daily fear of being shot down "in broad day" by the blunderbuss of the assassin. Even the liberal, kind-hearted Dr. Hoare, Dean of Achonry, is threatenhd with the terrible fate of Major Mahon. He has received a letter from "Molly Macguire," and that means *death!* This worthy man is compelled to have two policemen with him when he rides out; they remain upon his own grounds when he is sitting at his fireside; they accompany him on his way to his parish church, only four hundred yards from his residence, and watch over him at all times, whether in-doors or abroad. What an awful state of things is this! It is by no means an isolated case. Hundreds of worthy landlords are hurrying to Dublin with their families, as they are afraid of the assassin's bullet. The hotels and dwelling-houses in that capital are crowded with these frightened refugees. There is another scene in this black tragedy which is scarcely credible. Relatives and mourning friends are obliged to attend the murdered and mangled remains of landlords and magistrates to the grave, with muskets or pistols in their hand, primed, loaded and cocked,—a circumstance, it is remarked, never taking place even in actual warfare, for there is a truce and suspension of hostilities while hostile camps bury their dead—and it is significantly asked, what boots it that all demands for rent and poor rates have ceased in counties when these enormities are common—that landlords and agents are compelled to move about with escorts of armed men—what boots it that comfortable tenants, well able to pay, refuse to hand over the rent—that Mr. O'Brien is fired at—that a county-lieutenant is wounded—that attacks upon that threatening notices have been served upon landlords and clergymen without number—what boots it provided John O'Connell be enabled to keep up his seditious spouting, and thus levy from the confederated villains throughout Ireland means to live at ease and ride and drive through the land! Mr. John O'Connell has opposed the Irish coercion bill will be the law of the land—in spite of his opposition. It is pitiful to find such a man opposing just and necessary measures for putting an end to horrible crimes!'

The Corn Laws, with the sliding scale of duties, are to go into operation again on the 1st of March. If the price of wheat continues as it has for some weeks past, the duty on wheat will then be about 5s. a quarter.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Wednesday, Jan. 5.

The General Court assembled on Wednesday morning, last week The Senate was called to order at 11 o'clock. 17 Senators were present. At 20 minutes before 12 the Governor and Council entered the Senate Chamber, and the customary oaths were administered to the members. Mr. Seudder having been elected President, returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him, in a brief address. Charles Calhoun was elected Clerk of the Senate.

The Secretary of State came in with the returns of votes for Governor, Lt. Governor and Senators, given at the annual State election.

The House was called to order at 11 o'clock, by Mr. Kellogg of Hadley, the senior member present. A list of the members elect having been received from the Secretary of State, the usual committee was appointed to collect the credentials of those present. The Governor and Council came in, and the customary oaths were administered. The House then proceeded to ballot for Speaker. Mr. Crowninshield having been elected, presented his acknowledgments for the honor conferred on him, in a few pertinent remarks. Mr. Charles W. Storey was chosen clerk. A message was received from the Senate announcing the organization of that body. Messages were sent to the Governor and Council and to the Senate announcing the organization of the House. It was ordered that the rules and orders of the last session be adopted until otherwise decided.

Thursday, Jan. 6.

The Senate met at 11 o'clock, and immediately adjourned, in order to give the committee to whom was submitted the votes for Senators, sufficient time to complete their examination.

The House was called to order at 11 o'clock. Benjamin Stevens, Esq. was re-elected Sergeant-at-Arms on the part of the House. Rev. Silas Aiken and Rev. S. H. Higgins, the candidates who had received the highest number of votes, were requested to officiate as chaplains during the session.

Friday, Jan. 7.

In the Senate, the committee appointed to count the votes for Senators made a report, which was accepted. The State Treasurer's report of the expenses of his office last year ($3,777,49) was read and sent down. The committee on the votes for Governor and Lieut. Governor, reported that the whole number of votes for Governor at the November election was 105,443. Necessary for a choice 53,722; Geo. N. Briggs has 53,742. Caleb Cushing 39,398; Samuel E. Sewall 9,193; Francis Baylies 2,786. The whole number of votes for Lieut. Governor 106,063; necessary for a choice 53,032; John Reed has 53,937.

In the House, a message was received from the Senate, proposing a Convention of the two branches at 12 o'clock, in order to fill certain vacancies in that body. The House refused to concur, and 12 o'clock to-morrow, was assigned for the meeting of the proposed Convention. Mr. Stevens submitted a report to the effect that the rules and orders of the last session be adopted for the present, which was accepted. The rules and orders were directed to be printed.

Saturday, Jan. 8.

At 12 o'clock, the Senate went into Convention with the House, to fill vacancies in the Board, and on their return the Secretary was directed to give the usual notice to the several Senators elect. A number of Senators being present, were qualified, and took their seats, after which the Senate adjourned.

The following gentlemen were elected to fill the vacancies in the Senate, being the regular Whig candidates at the November election:

Essex—Jonathan C. Perkins, John W. Lowe, James Gregory, Charles H. Baleh, Ezekiel M. Hale.

Middlesex—Joseph T. Buckingham, Calvin Shepard, David Heard, Albert H. Nelson, Tappan Wentworth, Christopher W. Bellows.

Worcester—Nahum F. Bryant, George Denny, Alfred D. Foster, Alanson Hamilton, John Brooks.

Hampden—William B. Calhoun, Edward Parsons.

Berkshire—Charles H. Plunkett, John Z. Goodrich.

Norfolk—Truman Clark, David A. Simmons, James C. Doane.

Monday, Jan. 10.

Senate.—On motion of Mr. Denny, (the mover declining to be of the committee,) Messrs. Calhoun, Eustis and Leonard were appointed to prepare rules and orders for the Senate.

House.—Mr. Bradbury, of Newburyport, from the Committee to wait on the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor elect, and inform them of their election, reported that these gentlemen would be ready to be qualified at half-past eleven o'clock to-morrow.

Tuesday, Jan. 11.

Senate.—At 11 1-2 o'clock, the Senate went into Convention with the House, for the purpose of administering the oaths to the Governor and Lieut. Governor elect.

House.—At 11 1-2 o'clock, agreeably to assignment, the Senate came in, and the two branches met in Convention.

The Governor and Lieut. Governor elect, attended by the Executive Council, shortly after came in. The usual oaths of office were administered to Messrs. Geo. N. Briggs and John Reed, and his Excellency then delivered his Address.

Joseph Barrett, of Concord, was re-elected Treasurer and Receiver General of the Commonwealth.

Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun, of Springfield, was elected Secretary of State.

Congressional.

Tuesday, Jan. 4.

Senate.—Mr. Cameron presented the proceedings of the War Meeting at Philadelphia. Mr. Cass submitted a resolution, calling on the Secretary of War for any despatches received from commanders of the army since the annual report; adopted. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the resolutions of Mr. Calhoun, who spoke at length in defence of the same. On motion of Mr. Sevier, the resolutions were then laid on the table, to be taken up again after the bill to increase the army has been disposed of.

House.—The resolution directing the renewal of the late contract for the transportation of the Great Southern Mail was postponed till to-morrow. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's annual message. The resolutions of Mr. Vinton, referring several portions to appropriate committees, were read, when Mr. Broadhead offered his substitute, and stated his reasons. Mr. Giddings moved to amend the first of Mr. Vinton's resolutions so as to refer the Amistad Slave Case to a select committee, and made a speech on the proposed amendment. Mr. G's proposition was rejected.

Mr Truman Smith, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill to provide for the ascertainment and satisfaction of claims for French spoliations. Read twice.

Wednesday, Jan. 5.

Senate.—Mr. Reverdy Johnson, reported a bill for the exemption of vessels employed by the Colonization Society from the provisions of the law regulating the transportation of passengers.

On motion, the Senate laid aside the morning business and proceeded to the consideration of the order of the day, to wit: the Ten Regiment Bill.

Mr. Crittenden offered an amendment substituting the Volunteer Bill, and increasing the number to 30,000. He supported the amendment at some length.

House.—Memorials were presented numerously signed, praying Congress to legislate in favor of the doctrines of the Wilmot Proviso. Mr. Sawyer moved that the vote by which the House agreed to the resolutions be reconsidered.

Thursday, Jan. 6.

Senate.—A resolution was read twice and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, relating to providing for the payment of the claims of our citizens, under the Mexican treaty of 1839.

The Ten Regiment Bill being in order, Mr. Webster, of Mass., made a speech opposing its passage. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, also opposed the passage of the bill. He said that slavery was at the bottom of the bill.

House.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, and took up the Richmond [illegible] of interest, adjourned over to Monday next.

In the House, this forenoon the Southern Mai was again discussed in Committee of the Whole.

Saturday, Jan. 8.

The Senate was not in session to-day. The chief business before the House was the resolution for renewing the late Southern Mail arrangement. In Committee of the Whole, various amendments were proposed, and some of them adopted. As amended, the resolution was reported to the House, and the House adjourned.

Monday, Jan. 10.

Senate.—A bill making an additional appropriation of $160,000, for Dry Dock at Brooklyn Navy Yard, was passed.

House.—The resolution renewing the late Southern mail arrangement was amended, and finally rejected.

Domestic News.

Large Fire in Cabotville.—About midnight, last Saturday night, a fire broke out in the basement of the brick building, No. 2, Exchange street, Cabotville, which destroyed that building, two frame stores, one on either side of it, and a paint shop and a small barn in the rear.

Fire in Calais and Loss of Life.—Extract of a letter dated Calais, Me., January 5, 1848, received in this city and published in the Courier:—

'We had a serious fire here this morning. The dye house and stable occupied by Columbus Cooper were entirely destroyed. Nothing left but the chimneys. Six horses, besides carriages, harnesses, &c., were burned. A girl about twelve years old was suffocated in one of the upper rooms. Mr. Cooper, after getting out his wife and child, returned for the members of his family, to the attic, and came near losing his life in the attempt. He was found insensible, on the stairs, as was also his wife's sister, in a room near by. Insurance on the house for $2200. Mr. Cooper's loss is about $1200.

Bad Accident.—Three men were seriously injured by the premature explosion of a blast upon the line of the Central Railroad, at Colchester, Vt., on the 3d inst. Their faces were badly burned, and their physician was apprehensive that their eyesight was destroyed.

Eclipses.—There are to be six eclipses this year, according to the almanacs—four of the sun and two of the moon, and a transit of Mercury. March 5th, a partial eclipse of the Sun, visible—March 19th, a total eclipse of the Moon, partially visible—April 3d, eclipse of the Sun, invisible—August 28th, another eclipse of the Sun, invisible—September 12th, a total eclipse of the Moon, visible—Sept. 27th, eclipse of the Sun, invisible—Nov. 8th, a Transit of Mercury on the Sun's disc.

Mortality on Board the St. Petersburg.—The long and stormy passage of the ship St. Petersburg, which arrived at Quarantine on Thursday, from Liverpool, caused considerable sickness among her immigrant passengers. Twenty-four died on the passage, and were buried in the sea. Three have died since she made the land, and are to be buried on the Island, and there are thirty-seven others, sick enough to go into the Hospital. At one period of the voyage, the St. Petersburg only made ten miles in five days.

The Steamboat Disaster on the Ohio.—The Cincinnati papers of the 31st ult. contain many details of the disaster on board the steamer A. N. Johnson. The number of lives lost is not known; but 60 or 80 persons are missing.—There were 95 cabin and 65 deck passengers. Many of the saved were badly scalded. The steamboat collapsed three boilers, owing to a want of water. One of the boilers is stated to have been blown some two hundred yards from the boat into a corn field—another 260 to 300 yards into the same field. One person was blown 100 yards on shore, sprang up, ran some distance into a house, ran under a bed, and when persons got to him he was just dying.

The N. Y. Legislature was convened at Albany on Tuesday of last week. It is strongly Whig, in both branches. Gov. Young's message was delivered as soon as both Houses had been organized. Gov. Young (a Whig) is valiant for fight, and avows distinctly his purpose of defending our Government in waging the war, right or wrong.

Weekly Summary.

The Worcester Transcript states that the censes of that town, just taken, with a view to petitioning the Legislature for a City Charter, shows the population to be 15,643. This is an increase since 1840 of 1846, more than 100 per cent. in seven years.

Five counterfeit Treasury notes have been discovered at Mobile.

The abolition of slavery in the Island of St. Barts and its dependencies, was duly proclaimed there on the 9th of October. St. Barts is under the government of Sweden.

The Providence Journal states that the persons accused of having fired the factory at Fitchville, have been arrested. They are boys, and we understand that they have confessed the act, and that they were hired to commit it, by a man who had some quarrel with the owners.

A. M. Towar, of Philadelphia, and Nathan Ewing, of Athens, are bound over for trial in $10,000 each, for assault with intent to murder the tutors at New Haven.

A man named McDowell, has been arrested at Port Deposit, charged with the robbery of Mr. Darlington, President of the Westchester Bank.

Two rich men at New Orleans, named Genois and Avegno, have been mulcted in $2,000 damages for whipping a negro woman.

A Mr. Cox, overseer of a plantation in West Baton Rouge, was recently assaulted by a slave whom he was attempting to chastise. Cox was severely cut across the neck with a corn knife, and his life is despaired of. The slave fled to the woods, and has not since been heard of.

Hon. Andrew Kennedy died quite recently at Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Nantucket Inquirer draws a discouraging picture of the prospects of the whaling business in that place. Since the year 1843, the whaling fleet has been diminished fifteen sail, by shipwreck, sales, &c.

Hanley and Hartigan, who were taken from this city, charged with the murder at Sanbornton, N. H., have been examined at Meredith Bridge, and fully committed for trial at Dover, on the 24th of February next.

The large hotel which Mr. Cozzens has been erecting during the autumn and winter, a mile below West Point, fell into a mass of ruins, last Sunday morning. The basement was of stone, some ten feet high, and the superstructure of wood, four or five stories high. The rafters were up, when the whole structure of wood fell into the centre.

Within a period of ten years, the foreign commerce of Boston has more than doubled in amount.

A child, named Martha Wehmann, about three years old, in New York, on Tuesday evening, took a bit of fish from the supper table, that contained a small bone, which stuck in her throat, and choked her, so that she died almost immediately.

A girl about eight years old, was recently devoured by a ravenous bear, near Ariang, Nova Scotia.

A fire broke out at Hartford on Wednesday night, in the dry goods store of V. D. Cornish, whose stock was seriously injured. It was valued at $20,000, and insured for $10,000 in New York and Providence, which it is supposed, will cover the loss.

Francis Upton, Esq., one of the Selectmen of Reading, was drowned in Mill Pond River, in Wilmington, at 7 o'clock, Wednesday evening. He was a farmer, 30 years of age, and his loss is much lamented.

The attempt to oust the present Professors of Lane Seminary, from their chairs, has failed—the Court having decided that the complainants were debarred by the Statute of Limitations.

A late Irish paper states that four men have been arrested, and committed to the County Jail at Neagh, charged with the murder of a man named Anthony Burke, at Bonosaleigh, *ten years ago*.

A State Temperance Convention is called, to be held at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 19th inst.

The Administration have determined to recall Gen. Scott; but no mention is made of his successor, whether it is to be Gen. Taylor, or some one else.

A Court Martial is to be held at Vera Cruz, to try Generals Worth and Pillow, and Col. Duncan, on the charges preferred against them by Gen. Scott.

Gen. Scott has issued orders requesting the immediate return to Mexico, and to their several commands, of all officers now in the United States on leave of absence.

The Mobile Register says that the loss by the flood on the Tombigbee river, will exceed $1,000,000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. Henry P. Hall to Miss Harriet M. Bigelow.

In this city, 7th inst., by Rev. P. Stow, Mr. Benjamin Crittenden to Miss Anna Ellison.

In South Braintree, 6th inst., by Rev. Aaron Haynes, Mr. Joseph Pratt to Miss Mary Faxon.

In Attleboro', 6th inst., by Rev. N. G. Lovell, Mr. Otis Stanley to Miss Harriet C. Whitney.

In Georgetown, Dec. 26, by Rev. J. C. Hartshorn, Mr. Asa Nelson, Jr., to Mrs. Mary D. Poor; Jan. 1, Mr. Hiram R. Pierce to Miss Betsey J. Pierce; Jan. 4, Rev. James N. Chase to Miss Julia A. Pearson.

In South Reading, by Rev. Z. P. Wild, of Marblehead, Mr. R. C. Towner to Miss Eliza Hemmenway, both of Malden.

In West Medway, Jan. 2, by Rev. A. Mason, Mr. Albert M. Adams to Miss Ellen M. Buffington.

In Rockport, Jan. 5, by Rev. S. C. Gilbert, Mr. Joseph Cartwright, of Georgetown, to Miss Hannah S. Day, of R.

In Salisbury, Jan. 5, by Rev. Isaac Sawyer, Mr. George Perkins, Jr., of Amesbury, to Miss Hannah E. Osgood, of S.

In Millbury, by Rev S J Bronson, Mr George Gates to Miss Calista M Hodges.

In Fisherville, N. H., by Rev. E. Worth, Mr. Rufus A. Manuel to Miss Sarah J. Knowles.

In Concord, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Cummings, Mr. John B. Flanders to Miss Mary F. Houston; Mr. John G. Lincoln to Miss Catharine Chase.

In East Weare, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Kenne, Mr. Moses F. Currier to Miss Mary A. Hovey.

In Bow, N. H., by Rev. J. H. Lerned, Mr. James R. Morgan to Miss Betsey O. Morse, of Franklin.

In Pittsfield, N H, by Rev J M Coburn, Mr Amos Morrill to Mrs Mehitable Vent.

In Brattleboro', Vt., Dec. 5, by Rev. J. C. Foster, Mr. Jesse S. Merritt, of Springfield, Ma., to Miss Harriet A. Briggs, of B.; Dec. 21, Mr. Henry Baker, of Boston, to Miss Mary A. Cunningham, of B.; Jan. 1, Mr. Joseph C. Bickford, of Cabotville, Ma., to Miss Sarah Jane Miller, of B.; Jan. 2, Mr. Ebenezer B. Hadley, of B., to Miss Miranda Hill, of Brookline.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Abigail Wheeler, 58; David C. Mossly, Esq., 68; Wm. I. McDonnell, Esq., 72; Mrs. Louisa H., wife of Mr. Amos Coolidge, 39.

In South Boston, Mr. Richard Patterson, 21.

In Chelsea, Mr. Joseph Williams, 84.

In Charlestown, Mrs. Nancy Fairbanks, 19 yrs., 9 mos.

In East Cambridge, Mr William Whitney, 52.

In Weymouth, Miss Harriet A. Blanchard, 16.

In Salem, very suddenly, J. Forrester Andrew, Esq., 42.

In Brentwood, Nov. 14, Mr. Jacob Hook, 55; Dec. 8, Mr. Jonathan Sanborn, 55.

Both of the above were members of the Baptist church in Brentwood. They experienced a work of grace, in the same revival, about three years since, and were indeed miracles of redeeming grace. Both were added to the church about the same time, and were among the most faithful and devoted of God's servants. They endured to the end, and have gone to their reward in heaven.

In Brentwood, Dec. 27, Elizabeth Hooper, yo[illegible] daughter of Joseph W. and Sarah B. Collins, 3 yrs.

In Brattleboro', Vt., Nov. 17, of bilious fever, Mrs. Betsy, wife of Capt. Jacob Winter, 56. She was buried in Ticonderoga, Nov. 28. Mrs. W. united with the Baptist church in Shoreham, Vt., in 1809, and during the remainder of her life, lived as became her profession. She was ever noted for her warm attachment to the Baptist church, and by her labors, showed her interest to be heartfelt. The loss of a lovely daughter, in March last, prostrated her feeble frame, and induced a return of an old complaint, mental derangement. Her friends, to facilitate her recovery, placed her in the Hospital at B., in July last, where they are assured she received the utmost attention though skill was vain to restore exhausted energy. Four of our oldest members and thirteen of our oldest inhabitants, have thus fallen during the past twelve months. [Christian Advocate and Journal please copy.]

In Rutland, Vt., Nov. 24, Mrs. Ruth, wife of Mr. Samuel Merriam, 62. Mrs. M. was born in Concord, Ma., removed to Vermont, 1807, made profession of her faith in Christ, first, by uniting with the Congregational church in East Rutland; but subsequently, by reading and meditation of the Scriptures, and hearing the word faithfully preached, she became convinced of the error of infant sprinkling, embraced Baptist sentiments, was baptized by the late Rev. H. Proctor, and received into the Baptist church in East Rutland, of which he was the first settled pastor. Here she continued her connection, a worthy and esteemed member, no one ever doubting her piety, twenty years, until her death. As a wife, Mrs. M. was an excellent companion; as a mother, solicitly devoted to the temporal and eternal welfare of her household; tender of the reputation of others, detraction never dwelt upon her tongue; she sincerely enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all. Her last illness, that of dropsy, which was long and painful, she endured with exemplary patience and resignation to the divine will, and in her life and in her death, has left to her surviving husband and family the influence of her pious counsels and Christian example, and to the church of Christ a legacy more to be valued than gold or any earthly treasure, a living testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'—[Com.

In Ticonderoga, N. Y., Nov. 29, Mrs. Hannah T., widow of Mr. Joshua Thompson, 85. Mrs. T. was originally from Litchfield, Ct., where she was married in 1784. Her husband served several years in the war of the Revolution, along Lake Champlain. From some family connections, she was constrained to remain in the Episcopal church till about ten years ago, when the long cherished desire of her heart was gratified, by a burial with her Lord in baptism. Her faith, hope and conversation were Christ-like, in all our interviews with her, for a year before her death. Several days previous, she assured the family of her speedy dissolution, and when death came, replied, "his welcome."

[Com.

Special Notices.

Notice to Vermont Subscribers.

All subscribers in Vermont who have no opportunity to pay directly to the subscriber, or his travelling agent, will please send all their letters, money, &c., *directly to Boston*, (post-paid,) to the address of Upham, Ford & Co., as this will save some trouble in re-mailing, &c.

☞ Subscribers will be particular, in making remittances, to state whether the credit is to be given for the past or *present* year. A. Angier.

Ludlow, Jan. 1, 1848.

The Lamoille Baptist Association

Will hold its next quarterly session at North Fairfax, Vt. Exercises commence Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1848, at 10 o'clock, A. M. L. A. Dunn.

Ministerial Conference.

The next session of the Lamoille Ministerial Conference will be holden with the Baptist church in North Fairfax, on Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1848, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

H. I. Parker, Clerk.

Ministerial Conference.

The next Ministerial Conference of the Franklin Co. Baptist Association will be held with brother Frary, at Deerfield, on the first Tuesday in February next, commencing at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Sermon by brother R. Lentell, of Conway, or brother A. V. Dimock, of Colerain. J. Parker, Sec.

Ministers' Meeting.

The next session of the ministers' meeting of Worcester and vicinity, will be held at the residence of Rev. B. A. Edwards, in Grafton, on Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Public services in the evening; sermon by Rev. B. F. Brisson. J. F. Burbank, Sec.

Notice.

Rev

The Family Circle.

From the Ladies' Wreath for January.

Storm-Sails.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Out with your storm-sails—for the blast is loud,
And seas and skies commingle.
Pleasant smiles—
Fond, cheering tones—delightful sympathies—
Story and song—the needle's varied skill—
The shaded lamp—the glowing grate at eve—
The page made vocal by a taste refin'd—
Imparted memories—plans for others' good;
These are a woman's storm-sails. Fain we'd keep
Each one in readiness—whene'er the cloud
Maketh our home our fortress, and debars
The walk abroad.
Come, choose ye which to spread,
My fair, young lady. For the foot of youth
Is nimblest 'mid the shrouds of social life,
And readiest should its fairy hand unfurl
The household banner of true happiness.
What has thy brow to do with frowns?—thy heart
With selfish love—as yet so briefly schooled
In the world's venal traffic?
Make thine eye
A cheerful light-house to the voyager
Wearied and worn.
Shed blessed hope on all—
Parent, fraternal group, or transient guest—
Nor let the toiling servant be forgot,
Who in the casket of remembrance stores
Each word of praise.
Mother, when tempests rage,
Draw thy young children round thee. Let them share
The intercourse, that while it soothes, instructs,
And elevates the soul. Implant some germ
Of truth, or tenderness, or holy faith,
And trust the rain of Heaven to water it.
So shall those sweet, unfolding blossoms blend,
In future years, thine image with the storm,
Like the pure rainbow, with its glorious scroll,
Teaching of God.
Scholar, and child of rhyme,
This is thy holiday. No vexing fear
Of interruption, and no idler's foot
Shall mar thy reverie.
And while the flame
Of blissful impulse nerves thy flying pen,
Grave on thy *storm-sails*, deathless thoughts to guide
Thy wind-swept brother, o'er the sea of time,
To ports of peace.

For the Christian Reflector.

The Fowler.

BY MARY *. *. *.

With music sweet, mid flowers and grass,
His heart was tuned to love.

Flowers and birds! I do love to associate the one with the other—they seem inseparable. God has peculiarly adapted their beauty and harmony to refine our taste, and raise our aspirations. Can we then be insensible to their charms and innocence? Are not our thoughts purified, and our hearts gladdened, while walking through the fields, when every tree is vocal with inspiration, and the earth garnished with flowers, upon whose silken threaded tendrils and leafy blossoms is impressed the touch of perfection? Ah! the human heart cannot resist the sweet language of nature; it reaches the inmost recesses of the soul, and imprints there, lessons, which the rough finger of Time can never efface.

It was a charming morn when the fowler went forth with the missile of death upon his shoulder. The air was burdened with the fragrance of the groves, and the perfumes of the wild flowers that bordered the wayside. The merry notes of the warblers floated upon the soft, balmy zephyrs, and awoke a sympathetic chord in the stern heart which had resisted, unmoved, the rough tempests of life. He was entranced to the spot, where, in full view, he beheld the orchard from whence proceeded all that had enraptured his senses.

'Why,' said the fowler to himself, as he regarded their beauty, and carelessly trampled them under my feet. But now, while I gaze upon them, and witness their drooping leaves, and soft, tremulous blossoms shining in the golden sunlight, I ask, for what purpose has God bedecked the mountain top, the meadows, the woodland vales, and sprinkled beside the gurgling brook, flowers of spontaneous growth, but to teach us lessons of love and compassion.'

The little warblers seemed to understand the breathing sympathy of the fowler, for they folded their wings, and rested lovingly upon the branches; then, fluttering, poured forth their thankfulness in the merry notes of heaven. The fowler's heart was melted. 'I will not deprive you, innocent creatures, of life, merely to gratify a momentary desire, but will spare you, to gladden by your music, the weary stranger, who, like myself, may chance to come hither.' Then the fowler shouldered his missile, and returned to his home more like the turtle-dove.

Linnetdell, Jamaica Plain.

Pocahontas.

No other Indian female ever rendered such a service to a white man as Pocahontas, under circumstances so well calculated to excite admiration. All have read the simple narrative of her intercession to save the life of Captain Smith, at that critical period when his death would probably have led to the extirpation of his little suffering colony. But perhaps many have lost sight of one circumstance which is calculated to enhance its effect upon the feelings. We refer to the tender years of the heroine: she was a child of only twelve or thirteen years of age.

From the accounts we have of the case, we see abundant reason to believe that nothing could have directed her in the course she pursued, but a strong natural dictate of humanity. Yet why she should have been so affected in that case, it is difficult to say, as it may be presumed she had witnessed scenes of cruelty, bloodshed, and murder, among the savage race, and in the savage family to which she belonged. Many of the actions of Indians, we find on nearer acquaintance with them, are dictated by some of their strange superstitious notions. A dream, an unusual sight or sound, or some other trifle, they often believe to be connected with something which gives it importance. This is especially true of the men, whose dreams in their initiatory fasts decide some important point for life.

We have no particular reason, however, to assign such a motive to Pocahontas, any more than to the celebrated Indian princess who figures so remarkably in the early history of New England—the wife of Mononotto, the Pequod sachem, whose refinement and dignity, as well as her humanity, excited the admiration of Governor Winslow, familiar as he was with the manners of the English court.

It was in the gloomy year when the little colony at Jamestown (the first which survived the trials of the settlement) was reduced to such sufferings by the scarcity of food, that Smith, with the determination of relieving them, ventured among the Indians in the interior, and after proceeding up James river in a boat, left it with his companions at the landing, and went on toward the dwelling of Powhattan. This would, probably, have appeared only a bold step, if he had met with no difficulty; but we are so prone to judge of an act by its consequences, that when we see him falling into a snare, laid on a rock, and a war-club raised to dash out his brains, we are ready to call him inconsiderate and rash. He appeared to have retained his presence of mind through all his dangers, and by happy expedients twice obtained a short reprieve, viz.: by showing the savages his pocket compass, and by sending to Jamestown for medicine to cure a sick Indian. These and other circumstances may have had their influence on the feelings of the young princess. But, whatever was the cause, she behaved like a heroine; and not in one case only, or toward a single individual. By a timely message, sent no doubt with great personal risk, she warned the infant colony of the murderous plots of the savages.

Through her intercession, an English boy, named Henry Spilman, was saved from death, and afterward rendered the colonists much service. So strong was the friendship of Pocahontas for the whites, that she left her home, and resided with the Patamowekes, whose sachem, Japazas, was a friend of Smith's, that she might not witness the death of English prisoners, whom she could no longer rescue from the bloody hands of her father. Strange as it may seem, however, she was sold by that sachem to Captain Argall for a copper kettle, as he thought her father's attachment to her might prevent him from prosecuting his bitter persecutions of the colony. Her father sought to recover her; but, before any arrangement was made for the return of the interesting captive, she gave her consent to marry an Englishman named Rolfe, who had long before contracted an affection for her.

The character of Powhatan is a very marked one. His attachment to his daughter alone would be enough to vindicate the red race from the charge of being without natural affection. He at first opposed her marriage, but afterward gave his consent, despatched an officer to witness the ceremony, sent a deerskin to Pocahontas and another to her husband, and maintained thereafter the most friendly terms with the colonists.

Yet Powhatan refused to give his younger daughter in marriage to Governor Dale, though solicited by him and her sister—saying to the messenger:

'Go back to your Governor, and tell him that I value his love and peace, which, while I live, I will keep. Tell him that I love my daughter as my life; and though I have many children, I have none like her. If I could not see her, I would not live; and if I give her to you, I shall never see her. I hold it not a brotherly part to desire to take away two children at once.'

Pocahontas received the name of Rebecca. In 1616 she made a voyage to England with her husband, where she was received with much attention. Her husband had just been appointed to an office in the colony, and was preparing to return when she died, at the age of twenty-two. Her only child, a son, was educated by his uncle in Virginia, and his daughter was the ancestor of the Randolphs, and several other principal families of the State.

Youth's Department.

The Disinterested Boy.

It was just at night. The sun had set, and the curtains of night were fast hanging themselves over hill-top and valley, the lonely wood, and the busy village. While the night winds were beginning to sweep through the trees, lights were here and there peeping through the windows to tell that though the wind was cold and blustering without, there might be peace and comfort within.

At this hour Mr. Bradley passed through a little village among the hills of New Hampshire, and urging his horse forward as the night became darker, took his way through the main road toward the next town, where he intended to pass the night. As he passed the last house in the village he thought he heard some one call, but supposing it might be some boy shouting to his fellow, he paid no attention to it, and some one had to speak to him, and he slackened the pace of his horse, and looked behind the chaise to see if he could discover who was calling.

'Stop, sir,' said a little boy who was running with all his might to overtake him.

Mr. Bradley stopped his horse, and a little boy of eight or ten years came up, the blood almost ready to burst from his face, and panting at every breath.

'Well, my little fellow, what do you wish for?' said Mr. Bradley.

'You are losing your trunk, sir,' answered the boy, as soon as he could speak.

'And so you have run all this way to tell me of it, have you, my good boy?'

'Yes, sir,'

Mr. Bradley jumped out of the chaise, and saw that his trunk, which was strapped underneath his carriage, was unfastened at one end, so that a sudden jolt might have loosened it altogether, and he would have lost it without knowing where it had gone.

'You are very kind, my little lad,' said the gentleman, 'to take all this trouble; you have saved me from losing my trunk, and I feel much obliged to you.'

'You are welcome, answered the boy.

'And now are you tall enough to hold my horse while I fasten the trunk as it should be?' said Mr. Bradley.

'Oh yes, sir,' said the boy, stepping up and taking hold of the bridle. He held the horse till Mr. Bradley was ready to start, and then said 'good night, sir,' and was stepping away.

'Stop a moment,' said Mr. Bradley, taking a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket, 'here is a piece of money to pay you for your trouble, and I feel very grateful to you beside.'

'No sir,' said the boy, drawing himself up erect, and casting his eye full in the gentleman's face, 'Do you thing I would take money for such a thing as that?'

'Ah,' said Mr. Bradley, as he related the story to me, 'I saw by his noble look, that he had run from half to three quarters of a mile, for the sake of doing a kindness to a stranger, and not for the hope of pay; and I could not find it in my heart to urge him to take money, for I knew that the thought of having done good, was a greater reward to him than money could have been. So I bade him 'good night,' and he ran toward home, while I gave the whip to my horse, and again rode briskly on; but I often think of that journey in New Hampshire, and the noble-hearted boy who lived among its hills.'

Moralist and Miscellanist.

George Washington.

DID HE DIE A SLAVEHOLDER?

The claim so often made that Washington was at heart a slaveholder, is exploded in the extract that follows, which we make from the last number of Chambers' Miscellany:

Washington died on the 14th of December, 1799, aged sixty-seven years. He was buried at Mount Vernon on the 18th. The news of his death was speedily carried through America, and all over Europe; and everywhere men vied with each other in doing honor to his memory.

One circumstance connected with the death of this great man it is gratifying to record. On his estate, as we have already mentioned, there was a large number of negro slaves. Part of these belonged to Washington himself; the rest were the property of Mrs. Washington. During his life, the founder of American liberty seems to have acted, in the matter of slaves, in no more humane or enlightened spirit than any other Virginia gentleman of the time; but at his death he left a benevolent clause in his will, directing that all the slaves he possessed in his own right should be emancipated after Mrs. Washington's death. During her life, they were still to continue slaves, because their emancipation during that period, 'though earnestly wished by him, would be attended with insuperable difficulties,' on account of their intermarriage with Mrs. Washington's own negroes, whom it was not in his power to manumit. At Mrs. Washington's death, however, his executors, or the survivors of them, were solemnly enjoined to see the clause in his will respecting the emancipation of the slaves, and every part thereof, 'religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay.' Such of the negroes thus emancipated as should be old and unable to work, were to be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs so long as they lived. Such of the young negroes as might have no parents living at the date of their emancipation, or whose parents might be unable or unwilling to provide for them, were to be 'bound by the court till they should arrive at the age of twenty-five years;' and negro children thus bound were to 'be taught to read and write, and brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia providing for the support of orphan and other poor children.' In the meantime, until the emancipation should take place, he expressly forbade 'the sale or transportation out of the Commonwealth of any slave he might die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever.' To one of his slaves, a mulatto-man named William Lee, he granted immediate liberty, with an annuity of thirty dollars.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The character of Washington has been often sketched, but probably never with such truth and ability as by his contemporary, and, in many respects, his rival in greatness, Thomas Jefferson. 'Although, in the circle of his friends,' says Jefferson, 'where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.'

Chambers' Miscellany.

Chloroform.

The English papers received by the Hibernia, contain accounts of a new agent for producing insensibility to pain, prepared by Dr. Simpson, a medical gentleman of Edinburgh. A Liverpool paper says that the new agent 'is very pleasant to the palate, and yields a delightful perfume, not much unlike that of a ripe apple, or good sherry wine. Its inhalation produces the most delightful sensations, and, in the course of a minute or so, a state of the soundest somnambulism. Sulphuric ether, on the contrary, is very disagreeable, both to the palate and the olfactory nerves, and is much longer in producing the required result. It also produces great nausea, and has not always been administered without acting for a time somewhat injuriously upon the nervous system.' No special kind of inhaler or instrument is necessary for its exhibition. A little of the liquid diffused upon a piece of linen or sponge, and held over the mouth for about a minute, is all that is required.

The Chloroform has been variously tested in England, and satisfactorily, in the presence of many medical gentlemen. In one of the cases, at the Opthalmic Institution in Liverpool, the patient, a female, 'was speedily thrown into a state of complete unconsciousness. During the inhalation of the vapor through a sponge, which of course allows a free passage to the atmospheric air, her countenance wore a most pleasurable expression; nor did it alter in the least, during the trying moments of the operation. She remained in a sound slumber for several minutes afterwards, and did not evince the slightest sensation of feeling, when repeatedly pinched by many of the gentlemen present. In this case, the eye was turned so completely inwards, that greater force with the forceps was required, and had the patient been operated upon in her natural state, the pain would have been proportionably excruciating. Upon waking to consciousness, in about a quarter of an hour, she said she was not aware that any thing at all had been done to her.' The patients, on coming to, are represented as seeming to be excited in a manner not dissimilar from the effects of an over dose of champagne.

A Bear Hunt, in Indiana.

In a still and clear winter's night, when the bear, ravenous with hunger, sometimes proceeded from his den in search of food, the bold and hardy settler was also awake and abroad. With his trusty rifle in his hand, a cautious step and a watchful eye, his ear attentive to every sound, he sought a station from which he might discover and observe the approach of the fierce wanderer of the forest. The cracking of the frozen surface of a lake or river, or the falling of a twig overladen with ice, was the only sound that, for a time, broke the solemn silence of the night. But a rustling of the bushes, or the motion of a dark figure slowly emerging from the gloom, betrayed the approach of the prowler.

After the discovery of a bear, the primary object of the hunter is to avoid his observation, until he comes within the reach of the rifle; and the second is to make sure work at the first shot. The savage beast, though usually inclined to avoid a rencontre with his human enemy at a season when his nature is tamed by full feeding on vegetables, is rendered bold and fierce by hunger, seems raised above all fear, and rushes even upon an armed man to devour him. Unlike most other wild animals, also, he is almost inevitable in the pursuit, when the hunter turns to fly. There is scarcely any surface, however yielding, over which his soft and spreading foot will not bear him; and he climbs the tree with far greater facility than the most agile man, following him to the extremity of the limbs, and falling, on occasion, more safely to the ground.

But such men as the settlers of Indiana would seldom find themselves reduced to seek escape before the bear, even in the severest season. Having discovered his game, he resorted to all the arts which ingenuity and experience could dictate, until he found himself within rifle distance; and then, with unerring aim, he sent the fatal ball into the savage heart of the beast, which would gladly have found his way into the little log-house, and devoured the sleeping family; and now the monster's flesh is to serve them for food, and his warm and shaggy skin is to shield them from the cold.—*Sears' Family Mag.*

Power of a Mother's Name.

A YOUNG MAN ENTERING PRISON.

A writer in the Boston Times describes a visit to the Penitentiary at Philadelphia, and gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Scattergood, the humane warden of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter on his imprisonment. Few will read it without deep emotion:

We passed on to the ante-room again, where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we entered. He had been sent up for five years on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired, in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the *nonchalance* and careless appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watchchain, looking particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in! The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with—

"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."
"It can't be helped, old fellow!"
"What is thy age, Charles?"
"Twenty-three."
"A Philadelphian?"
"Well—kinder, and kinder not!"
"Thee has disgraced thyself, sadly."
"Well, I ain't troubled, old cock."
"Thee looks not like a rogue."
"Matter of opinion!"
"Thee was well situated"—
"Yes—well enough"—
"In good employ."
"Well—so so."
"And thee has parents?"
"Yes"—
"Perhaps thee has a mother, Charles?"

The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue, perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him, he could not have fallen more sudden than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear! He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant! He recovered partially, and said imploringly to the warden:

"Don't you sir—for God's sake—don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group which surrounded the unfortunate convict. * * * The black cap was drawn over his eyes, he was led to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he reappeared on the cordier. He passed silently in charge of a deputy keeper, to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison, the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared, the chain dropped from the outside bolts,—and Charles —— was a close prisoner for five years to come!

We left the prison with heavy hearts, relieved, however, by the reflection that this was one of the best devised institutions of its kind in the world, (notwithstanding the libels of Charles Dickens) and that its admost "equal and exact justice."

A Cheap Breakfast.

A son of Erin at Schenectady heard the breakfast bell ring on board of a canal boat just starting out for Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go on board.

'Sure, captain, dear,' said he, 'and what'll ye ax a poor man for travelling on yer illegant swan ov a boat?'

'Only a cent and a half a mile and found,' replied the captain.

'And it is the vittles ye mean to find sure?'

'Yes. And if you're going along, go down to breakfast.'

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

'What do you want to stop for?' inquired the captain.

'How far have we come, just?' asked Pat.

'Only a little over a mile.'

Pat handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would go no farther with him, as Judy would wait her breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out.

The joke was so good that the captain took the cents, ordered the boat to be stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he should be happy to carry him.

Prussic Acid.

Prussic acid is the most powerful of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a dog caused his death in a few seconds. A professor at Vienna having prepared some in its most condensed state, by way of experiment diffused some of it on his naked arm, and fell dead in a short time. These instances show the terrific effect which this substance has on the animal economy. They also show what extreme caution is necessary in preparing and using it. When much diluted, it has however, been employed as a medicine, in cases of consumption.

Although the investigations of chemistry have developed this substance, than which even lightning is scarcely more prompt or sure in destruction, still the wisdom of Omniscience has connected circumstances with its production and nature, which in a great measure, will prevent its employment for criminal purposes. The process by which it is made, requires more chemical skill than falls to the lot of unprincipled persons; and when obtained, its active properties are so evanescent, as never to remain more than a week or two, without peculiar treatment, and sometimes it becomes nearly inert in a few days. The odor, also, which is distinguished in animals destroyed by it, is often the sure means of detection.

The commencement of its decomposition is marked by the reddish color of the liquid, and a short time after, it becomes black, and deposits a thick corbonaceous substance, at the same time it loses its peculiar smell, and emits that of ammonia. In this state, the Prussic acid has none of its former properties, but is entirely inert. The Prussic acid combined with potash is much used in the art of dyeing.

☞ A jury of Prince George's county, Maryland, set aside the will of the late Mr. Townsend, because the testator liberated, by his will, all his slaves, and other property.

Agricultural.

Importance of Educating the Farmer.

It is calculated that the division of the occupations of men in the United States is nearly in the following proportions:—

Number engaged in Internal Navigation,	22,076
" " Ocean "	56,063
" " the learned professions	65,355
" " Commerce	119,907
" " Manufactures	791,749
" " Agriculture	3,719,951

Thus it will be seen that those who are engaged in agriculture, are three and a half times greater in number than those in all the other divisions. The agriculturists consequently have the physical and numerical power, and can at any time control every government in the United States, and give tone to public opinion. But do they? No, indeed; for however powerful they may be in number, they are weak in influence, and this arises from want of proper education. The sixty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty-five, engaged in the learned professions, are intellectually stronger than the three millions, seven hundred and nineteen thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one, engaged in agriculture, and therefore *rule* them. If it were not so, seven-eights of the offices in the country would not be held by lawyers and doctors; nor would all the colleges and high schools be endowed principally for the benefit of the learned professions.

Farmers, when will you arouse yourselves to the dignity and importance of your calling, and educate yourselves to that height of intelligence which will make you the *rulers* instead of the *ruled* of the other professions? There is surely nothing to prevent this if you will only be true to yourselves. Look at the millions annually thrown away upon the horrid barbarities of war, or the preparations for it, and the honors that are awarded to those engaged in shedding a brother's blood, and compare these with the pitiful and downright contemptible sums which are grudgingly doled out for your benefit. Every occupation in the country seems to be bountifully provided for, save that of the farmer, and surely no one is to blame for this but yourselves; for if you choose, you need only to speak to your servants, your rulers, and a reform might be had at once. Ponder these things well, then, and in the Legislatures assembled this winter, speak out and demand equal benefits with the most favored of the other professions.—*American Agriculturist.*

Economy of Hay.

Hay, under the most favorable modification of circumstances, must be regarded by the economical farmer as a costly product. Every means, therefore of economizing it, is of vital importance, as it is much more pleasant to dispose of it at twenty dollars the ton, than to be compelled to purchase it at that price.

The following modes for economizing feed for neat stock, which we extract from an exchange, we would recommend to the attention of our readers generally as deserving of regard.

1. Mix coarse straw and similar coarse materials with about one-third the quantity of hay; sprinkle over it a small quantity of brine; pass the whole through a cutting machine, and feed it out in deep troughs, and none of it will be wasted by being trodden under foot. A very large quantity may be prepared at a time, if found convenient to do so.

2. Fill a large tight box with any desired quantity of chopped corn-stalks, and with about one twenty-fifth part their bulk coarsely ground meal mixed equally through them. Let steam pass into them from a boiler for an hour, and they will then form a most nutricious and palatable food for cattle, especially for milch cows. Or the meal may be boiled with a large quantity of water, and then poured, while boiling hot, upon the chopped food, without steaming. In both cases a small quantity of meal will be of great importance to the farmer, for it is far more pleasant to be able to sell hay for 16 or $20 a ton, than to purchase it at that price to keep alive a herd of starving cattle.

Farmers who raise much corn, and have consequently a large quantity of *cobs*, will find it for their interest to feed *cob meal* to their stock, instead of pursuing the usual practice of grinding only the grain, and throwing the cob, rich in farinacious matter, into the compost heap or into the fire.

Cobs, soaked in a solution of salt, make an excellent feed for oxen, cows and young cattle, and, by many, are deemed preferable to marsh hay, especially during winter. This is a matter of importance, and one that should be regarded as such by all.

Germantown Telegraph.

Traveller's Directory.

Corrected from the Traveller, Dec. 1, 1847.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

FOR	DEPOT	HOURS.
Albany	Worcester	8 A. M. 4 P. M.
Andover	Me. Extension	7, 11½ A. M. 2½, 3½, 5½ P.M.
Bridgewater	Old Colony	7½ A. M. 4½ P. M
Concord, Ms.	Charlestown	7 A. M. 1, 4½ P. M.
Concord, N H	Lowell	7, 11 A. M., 4½ P. M.‖
Dedham	Providence	9, A. M. 3, 5½, 10½, P. M.
Fitchburg	Charlestown	7, A. M. 1, 4½ P M.
Fall River	Old Colony	7½, 11½ A. M. 3½ P. M.
Gloucester	Eastern	9, A M 3½, P M
Haverhill	Me. Extension	7, 11½ A. M. 2½, 3½, 5½ P. M.
Lawrence	"	7, 11½ A. M. 2½, 3½, 5½ P M.
Holliston	Worcester	8 A M, 4 P M
Lexington	Charlestown	10 A. M. 2½, 5½ P. M.
Lowell	Lowell	7, 9, 11 A. M. 2½, 4½, 6 P M
Medford*	Me. Extension	7½ A. M. 12 M, 2½, 4½, 6 P M
Millbury	Worcester	6 A. M. 4 P. M.
Milton	Old Colony	8½, 11½ A M 2½, 4½, 8 P M
Nashua	Lowell	7, 11 A. M. 4½, P. M.
Newburyport	Eastern	7, 11½ A. M. 2½, 4½, P. M.
New Bedford	Providence	7½, A. M. 4 P. M.
Newton, L.F.	Worcester	8½ A. M. 3½, 6, 8½ P. M.
Plymouth	Old Colony	7½ A M. 4½P. M.
Portland	Eastern	7 A. M. 2½ P. M.
"	Me. Extension	7 A. M. 2½ P. M.
Portsmouth	Eastern	7 A. M. 2½, 4½ P. M.
Providence	Providence	7½ A. M. 3½ and 5 P. M.
Reading†	Me. Extension	7, 8½, 11½ A M 2½, 3½, 5½ 6½
Salem	Eastern	7, 9, 11½ A. M., 12½, 2½, 3½ 4½, 6 P M
S. Braintree‡	Old Colony	7½, A. M. 1½, 4½, 6½ P. M.
Saxonville	Worcester	9½ A M, 4½ P. M.
Springfield	Worcester	7, 8 A. M. 4 P. M.
Stoughton	Providence	11½ A. M. 4½ P. M.
Taunton	"	7½, A M. 4 P. M.
Worcester	Worcester	7, 8 A. M. 12½, 2½, 4, 5 P. M
Waltham	Charlestown	7, 9.36 A M 1, 2½, 4½, 5.55 PM
Watertown	"	9, A M 12 M 2.20, 6½, P. M.
Woburn	Lowell	8½, 11½ A M 3, 5½ P. M.

*Saturday evenings a train leaves for Medford at 9, P M.
†Saturday evenings a train leaves for Reading at 10½ PM.
‡Also on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9, and on Tuesday and Friday at 11, P. M.
☞ Cars leave Salem for Marblehead on the arrival of the trains which leave Boston at 7, and 9, A. M., and 12½, 2½, 4½, and 6, P. M.
☞ Cars leave Salem for Danvers at 7½, A. M. and at 1, 3½, and 5½, P. M.
☞ Cars leave Springfield for Northampton and Greenfield and for Hartford and New Haven, on the arrival of the trains which leave Boston at 7 and 8, A. M. and 4 P M.
Dorchester and Milton Mills and Milton Hill Coaches run daily to and from Old Colony Railroad, on arrival of every train at Neponset.

STEAMBOAT TRAINS FOR NEW YORK.

VIA	DAYS	DEPOT	HOURS.
Norwich	Daily, ex. Sun.	Worcester	5 P. M.
Stonington	" "	" "	Providence 5 P. M.
New Haven	" "	" (day line)	Worcester 7 A. M.
"	" "	" (night line)	4, P. M.
Fall River	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Old Colony	5 P. M.

Just Published.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM G. CROCKER, Late Missionary to West Africa, including a History of the Basea Mission. By R. S. MEDAURY. With a Likeness. 300 pp., 18mo, cloth.

'This Memoir has been prepared with a design to magnify the grace of God as illustrated in the life and labors of an humble, devoted Christian, and, at the same time, to bring more fully before the public the history and present prospects of the Baptist Missions among the Bassas, on the Western coast of Africa. Should these pages be the means of elevating the standard of piety, of awakening a deep interest in behalf of Africa, or of adding one to the little band of devoted missionaries now laboring on her shores, the writer will feel amply rewarded.'

GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
52—3t 59 Washington street.

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'I have had the pleasure of examining Prof. Chase's work on Bunyan, in manuscript, and have no hesitation in recommending its publication. Whatever serves anew to illustrate the discipline by which such a man as Bunyan became what he was, is of great interest and permanent value. I think this is the case with Prof. Chase's work. It is written in an attractive, pure style, and, by the examination of Bunyan's little library, sheds a new light upon the development of his mind. I know of no other biography of Bunyan, in the same compass, so true to its subject, or so worthy of it. It presents Bunyan's religious character, as delineated by himself, with discriminating remarks upon some of the peculiarities of his experience.'

New York, Dec. 9, 1845. GEO. B. CHEEVER.

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39—is6mos6m

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The First Premium of the State Fair at Hartford, Ct., the present season, was also awarded to this machine.

It received the First Premium at the Fair held in Philadelphia in 1846.

It has twice taken the First Premium of the State Agricultural Fair of New York. Once from the State Fair of Massachusetts.

It was the only Hay Cutter to which any premium was awarded by the late Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association of Boston, having also at its previous Fair received a Silver Medal.

It has taken the highest premium from nearly every Fair where it has been exhibited.

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The Committee are convinced that the method of construction is much superior to any other within their knowledge, in the facility of their operation, and the ease with which their work can be performed.'

(Signed,) C. G. STEVENS, Chairman.

Copy—Attest: WM. S. LINCOLN, Recording Secretary.

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Boston, Dec. 11, 1847. 50—tf

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Many Stores charge 75 cents per pound for no better Tea. All our Teas are packed in a style peculiarly our own, in half pound to ten pound packages, comprising over 50 different kinds, and labelled with our own label, duly copyrighted, to counterfeit which is *forgery*.

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